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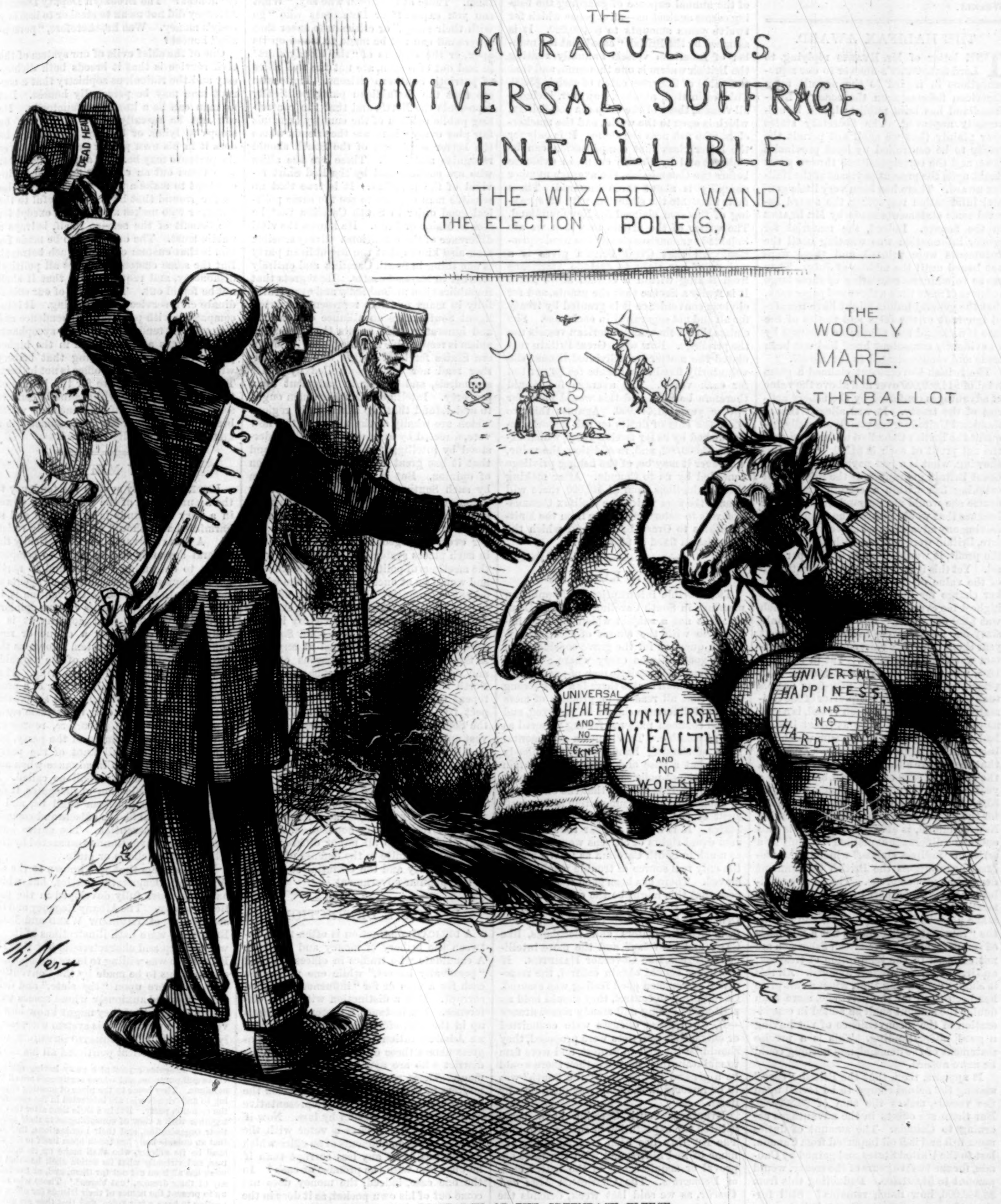
THE MIRACULOUS UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE, IS INFALLIBLE.
THE WIZARD WAND. (THE ELECTION POLE(S.)
THE WOOLLY MARE. AND THE BALLOT EGGS.
DEAD HEA
FIATIST
UNIVERSAL HEALTH AND NO ICKNES
UNIVERSAL WEALTH AND NO WORK
UNIVERSAL HAPPINESS, AND NO HARD TIMES
Th: Nast

THE ARGONAUTS IN SEARCH OF THE GREENBACK FLEECE.

MYTHIST. "The Nest is found: wait for the Hatching."

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, November 16, 1878.

☞ *The* Illustrated Supplement *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* Harper's Weekly *contains another installment of* "A Dark Inheritance," *and other attractive features.*

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THE HALIFAX AWARD.

The letter of Mr. Evarts replying to Lord Salisbury's answer to our representations in regard to the assault upon American fishermen on the coast of Newfoundland has been published, and is universally approved. The Secretary states very plainly that we shall not permit the treaty to be controlled by local provincial laws, and the correspondence throws great doubt upon the present payment of the Halifax award. There has been very little general information respecting the award beyond some statements made by Mr. Blaine in the Senate. Indeed, the material for proper information was wanting until the documents were printed, and these were not issued until the middle of July. They are so voluminous, consisting of three large volumes of more than a thousand pages each, that the general public might have remained ignorant of the facts and merits of the case if a careful and admirable abstract by an evidently competent hand had not been made and communicated to the *Herald*.

The British Government claimed a gross total of $14,880,000 over and above the value of advantages conferred by the fishery articles of the treaty. It was alleged that a thousand United States vessels annually frequent the British Canadian waters, and that the net profit of each is $1120. Upon this showing, what is a just payment? All that Great Britain guarantees is the privilege of catching fish within a certain limit. Of course she would not demand all the profit, because that would destroy the chance of receiving any advantage whatever. If, therefore, Britain were content with a quarter of the profit, it would amount to $280 per vessel. Yet this is far beyond her own estimate of the value of the privilege, as shown by her charge for licenses to fishermen. The highest fee ever charged was in 1868, which was $120 per vessel. But in that year only sixty-one licenses were taken. In the next year there were only thirty-one, and the system was then abandoned. Yet in the year 1866, when the fee was about $30 for each vessel, four hundred and fifty-four vessels took out licenses. Now a quarter of the estimated profit, or $280 for each vessel, is a sum more than twice as large as Great Britain had asked long before, and a sum which had been found fatal to the business. Assuming that there were a thousand vessels annually, the charge of $280 each would be $280,000 a year, and for twelve years this would be $3,360,000. Yet the total of the British claim for the Dominion of Canada alone, excluding Newfoundland, is $12,000,000. How is this enormous difference explained? Simply by a series of "indirect claims," which in the *Alabama* negotiations the British Government derided as preposterous. The fishing privileges, it is said, support in various ways domestic trade and foreign commerce; they make a healthful food plentiful and cheap; the "raw material" alone is not a fair basis of computation; the American fishermen are not exposed to the temptation of trespass; and irritating disputes are avoided. All this is simply demanding that, when a full price has been fixed for the privilege, more than double the amount shall be added in consideration of the inconvenience of not having a good understanding. This is a precise statement of the demand, and nothing could be more absurd.

It appears, then, that the British "case," stating the actual charge to be levied upon the vessels, makes the sum of $3,360,000. But there are offsets in the advantages accruing to Canada. The amount of duties upon fish and fish oil imported from Canada, lost to the United States and gained by Canada, for the twelve years of the treaty, would amount to $4,091,208. Deducting this from $3,360,000, how much remains? Still further, if we concede to Great Britain one-half of the net profits, as estimated by her, instead of one-quarter, namely, $6,720,000, and deduct from that sum the amount of duties lost, $4,091,208, there will remain as the total of any substantial claim only $2,628,792. The rest of the sum of $12,000,000 is made up by charges for the same thing from different points of view. It is the case of a shop-keeper who charges for a pair of stockings one dollar, for a pair of black stockings one dollar, for a pair of stockings not white one dollar. He makes an excellent trade and a living profit. Besides this, there is the offset of the advantage to the Canadian provinces of fishing in our waters guaranteed by the treaty. Great Britain, indeed, denies that there is any advantage, because, however intrinsically valuable, the fisheries are never used. But, with charming inconsistency, Great Britain charges us $2,880,000 for the privilege of the Newfoundland inshore fishery, which is confessedly never used by us, because American fishers "may, if they will, use it." There is still another offset in the saving to Great Britain of the annual expense of guarding the fishing coasts against us—an expense which for twelve years amounts to $6,000,000. It is assumed by the British "case" that the number of American vessels annually visiting the British waters is one thousand, and that the value of the gross catch of each is $5600. This estimated number, however, includes all vessels, those of the deep-sea cod-fishery, which is open to the world, and the mackerelers, who fish near the shore. It is only for the latter class that compensation can be claimed, and by British count, in evidence before the Commission, the average number annually is about three hundred. These facts illustrate the situation, without speaking of the sum claimed for Newfoundland. The writer of the article to which we are indebted summarizes clearly the whole question. All that Great Britain gives is a waiver of her right to exclude Americans from fishing within a certain shore limit. It is really a license that she grants, and for obvious convenience it is granted by treaty for all and not separately in each case. She claims that a thousand American vessels use the privilege. Now when Great Britain regulated the matter by individual license she voluntarily fixed as a license fee $2 per ton for each vessel. The average fee would therefore be $120, and this would yield for twelve years $1,440,000. Against this we offset the sum of duties on fish imports relinquished by us for twelve years, which exceeds $3,000,000, and, in addition, the value, whatever it may be, of the fishing privilege conceded by us to Canada. After making these deductions from $1,440,000, there will remain the sum which the Halifax Commission was to determine as due from the United States to Great Britain, and which the Commission fixed at $5,500,000!

THE NEW KU-KLUX.

The forcible interruption of Republican meetings in South Carolina by armed Democrats is not a subject which loses its importance with the sunset of election-day. It is a question for the grave consideration of all good citizens every where. Among intelligent and patriotic men of every party in the Northern States there is a very strong desire that all reasonable grounds of mere sectional difference should be removed, and a good common national feeling restored as fast as possible. This is not a sentimental gush of shaking hands over the bloody chasm, but a wise and patriotic conviction that sectional politics are essentially revolutionary. It is evident that the only point of danger to this consummation is the treatment of the new citizens in the Southern States. If it should appear that the common equal rights of citizens were respected as much in South Carolina as in Wisconsin, the only real source of trouble would be removed. There has been good reason to suppose that this might be the case, because it was plain that there were two kinds of Democrats in the Southern States—the old-fashioned fire-eaters and Bourbons, like Gary and his school, and the more intelligent citizens, like Governor Hampton. If the latter should obtain control, the restoration of common good feeling was assured. Or if, failing to control, they should hold an attitude of strong and steady remonstrance—if, when gross offenses were committed or outrageous practices were proposed, they should be the first to protest, and were firm to maintain their protest—then there would be a general feeling that "the South" was to be restored in the only way possible—by itself.

Events in South Carolina have disappointed the expectation of such a situation. The Ku-Klux has been revived under the name of Red Shirts, and with the tacit approval or acquiescence of the better class of Democrats. The Charleston *News and Courier*, as we said last week, defends the armed Democratic disturbance of Republican meetings. Governor Hampton sees the most precious rights of citizens destroyed, and utters no word of warning to the criminals or of succor to the victims. The crimes themselves can not be denied. They can not be put down as radical lies. For the reports upon which we found our remarks are published in the *News and Courier* itself. They describe scenes which if they should occur in Northern States would not be completed without the bloodiest contests, and which are infinitely despicable as the conduct of armed white mobs over cowering negroes. There is no doubt that the attitude of Governor Hampton and of a paper like the *News and Courier* toward this new form of the Ku-Klux has done more to justify the estimate of "the South" as a nest of hopeless barbarism than any recent event.

The best friends of "the South" in the Northern States are those Republicans who, in full communion with their party, see clearly the only possible conditions of good sectional understanding, and aim to attain them. Those at the North who say, "What can you expect?" or Democrats who "go with their party," or critics who sneer that a pyramid can not be made to stand on its apex, or the shakers of "the bloody shirt" in and out of season, are not the real allies of patriotic Southern citizens. Those who see that the Republican party politically represents the North, and that the controlling public opinion of the country demands fair play every where, are the friends whom the better sentiment of the South should recognize and heed. These are the allies who are embarrassed by the Red Shirt revival of the Ku-Klux. It is true that no sensible man expects to see the same political good order in South Carolina that he sees in Maine or Iowa. He knows the vital difference of the conditions. Every sensible man also knows that the Republican party is one thing in South Carolina and entirely another in Massachusetts. He regrets that Republicanism undoubtedly and even truthfully in many quarters represents to intelligent Southerners an alliance of rascality and ignorance. He knows that Republicanism is responsible in some places in Southern States for local judges who could neither read nor write, controlled by white scoundrels, and sitting in judgment upon property. Intelligent Southern men ought to understand that the situation in regions which are wholly at the mercy of the new vote, directed by knaves, is perfectly understood by intelligent men at the North, and that it has great weight in the formation of opinion. But it must not be forgotten by such Southerners that government by ignorance controlled by venality is not unknown in many parts of the Northern States, and that property is attacked here too under every outrageous pretense. But even in such places systematic interference with the meetings of political rascals is unknown, and would be at once resented by the whole decent community. It is a great mistake to suppose, as so many Southerners evidently do, that as a Democratic victory in 1880 is only to be obtained by a solid South, a solid South must be obtained at any cost. A South solidified by barbarous outrage and defiance of law must reckon upon a North solidified by just indignation. We repeat that sensible men at the North expect friction and trouble and disorder in the South. They do not suppose that the vast upheaval of the war will not long manifest itself. But if they see no Southern protest against crime, the revival of the Ku-Klux applauded, and all the leaders who had been urging peace and harmony silent, and aiding by silence, while a political party is practically stifled, because its members see that resistance is hopeless, such men will gladly forego all minor differences in their party to unite in the defense of justice and humanity and the essential conditions of free popular government.

DELICATE DISTINCTIONS.

A delicate distinction is often made between the bribery of money and of place. A candidate who traffics in offices is called "personally honest," while one who gives cash for a vote or for "influence" is called corrupt. It is a distinction without a difference. For instance, a custom has grown up in the Post-office Department by which an Administration Representative in Congress names those of the postmasters in his district who are appointed by the department. These are the great mass of postmasters in the country. Custom vests the power of appointment in the Representative as if it were given to him by law. Now if the Representative buys a voter with the promise of the emoluments of an office which he controls, is he any less corrupt than if he buys him with the promise of cash? In the one case, indeed, the money does not come out of his own pocket, as it does in the other. But that only makes the buyer more contemptible. The essence of bribery is the offer of an illicit motive. A bribes B by giving him a dollar for his vote; C bribes D by giving him an office for his influence. It is equally bribery, and the men are equally corrupt. A "good worker," if he be shrewd, would very much prefer to be paid by an office rather than by a check.

When it was said that a Pope, as Pope, could not do wrong, because he is the vicegerent of God, the biting comment was, "What will become of Pope Alexander when Rodrigo Borgia [his family name] goes to h——?" How can a man be at once honest and dishonest? How can he be "personally" upright and "politically" crooked? If the end justifies the means, every man must decide for himself when he may apply the rule. An appointing officer told a subordinate that if he opposed his political plans in a Convention, he would remove him at once. That is to say, he bought off his opposition by threatening to stop his wages. That was corruption—and what do we mean by saying that a corrupt man is "personally" honest? The Brooklyn Deputy District Attorney did not mean to steal or to lose any body's money. Was he, therefore, "personally" honest?

One of the chief evils of our system of the civil service is that it breeds both dishonesty and the ridiculous sophistry that a corrupt man may be personally honest. But no man can be a knave perfunctorily. He can not be rascally *ex officio*. When he stoops to lying, or bribing, or stealing, he does it in his own proper person, whatever the pretense may be. An appointing officer who turns out an efficient and faithful incumbent to make a place for somebody else on the ground that he is more useful to the party, or who makes any change, except for the benefit of the service itself, betrays a public trust. The only plea to be made for him is that custom condones such betrayal. But the same custom condones all political dishonesty, and requires only that it shall not be found out. The tenure of our subordinate civil service is humiliating. It is incompatible with political independence and courage. It tends to make men sycophants and parasites and tools, and in the higher places it fosters the feeling that bribery with the emoluments of office is not bribery. The offices, however, are for the benefit of the people, and they will gradually come to see that a system of appointment which breeds moral cowardice and sophistry is a system to be radically reformed.

PARTY METHODS.

Under our party system the tendency to the accumulation of the whole party power in a very few hands is so obvious and so harmful that it should be constantly resisted. A State Convention is theoretically the general assembly of the party to compare views, to determine a policy, and to nominate executive representatives or agents to carry it into effect. The Convention is, in idea, the party, with all its various opinions fairly represented. But actually it is a body largely elected by a clique or ring bound together by a system known as the machine, and the business of the assembly is to register the will of the ring. That will is held in check only by fear of a practical bolt, and that is an event so unusual that it affects action only in extreme cases. A State Convention, therefore, represents not the unbiassed opinion of the party, but the power of a small knot of the party. This knot determines in advance when and where the Convention shall be called. It influences the selection of delegates, it decides what the platform shall be, and it settles who shall be the officers and committees of the Convention. The entire business of the Convention is transacted by this self-appointed clique or junto.

It is a system that was known to the old Whig and Democratic parties, but which has been most fully developed in the parties of to-day. The Albany Regency and the ascendency of Thurlow Weed and Dean Richmond were both illustrations of it. It was a sharp and characteristic jest that Mr. Richmond was willing to leave unimportant nominations to be made by the Convention. The rest were upon "the slate," and delegates inquired anxiously whose names were written there, that they might know how to vote. The result of this system was recently described by Mr. Horatio Seymour, who has been a practical politician all his life:

> "The delegates represent a party having common views and purposes, and whose sentiments are all harmonious. They come to the place of meeting expecting to find friends who are interested in the success of the common party. But in a little time after they get together with a view of consulting as to their action, their organization, and their nominations, they find that an outside body has taken upon itself to say who shall be its officers, who shall make up its committees, and virtually what its action shall be—that the work has all been cut out for them, and, as the ladies say of their dresses, 'cut biassed.' Those who come up to present the names of their friends for office, expecting to have a fair voice, find that they are merely to carry out, not to make, a policy of action. I do not know when the State Committee fell into this system of deciding at their meetings in advance all about

all questions of organization, committees, etc. It must be clear to every one that they will make an ill state of feeling among delegates, and transfer power from them to a mere committee which does not represent the general feeling and wishes. This system converts the place of meeting into a mere battle-field for the control of this State Committee. This system should at once be discarded. It is wrong in principle and mischievous in effect."

The usual reply to this kind of protest is that organization is indispensable to a party, and that somebody must do the work. That is very true, but it is no excuse for the abuse of which Mr. Seymour and other sensible men complain. Organization is undoubtedly necessary, and somebody must take trouble. But it does not therefore follow that a dictator is desirable. Because organization is essential, it does not follow that Tweed and Kelly are indispensable. Government is necessary to the welfare of society; but absolutism and despotism are not necessary. The remedy for the mischief of party management by a ring, as for many familiar and obvious political abuses, lies in a reasonable regulation of the power of appointment. So long as the managers of a party control at their pleasure the enormous national or State or city patronage that follows success, it will be only occasionally and by chance that their power can be baffled. Their wish will be the law of the party. The most powerful man in the Democratic party of New York is Mr. John Kelly. As we write, his power is contested. But if it be overthrown at the election, the result of which will be known as this paper is issued, the overthrow will be accomplished only by a combination of all opposing parties and interests and forces. Mr. Kelly's ascendency is due solely to his command of patronage. The corresponding power in the Republican party is due to the same thing. At its last Convention of four hundred and fifty-four members an overwhelming majority were favorable to the Committee, and, of course, selected such a Committee for the next year as the old Committee desired. But the power of that Committee, or of what is called "the regular organization," is due solely to its command of patronage. If it had no offices and their emoluments to dispose of, its control would be legitimate. But the system makes it illegitimate, and its rule will be constantly questioned and opposed, because it does not honestly represent the independent will of the party, but the power of patronage. Mr. Seymour says the system of absolute party government by a Committee should be discarded. But that is impossible except by striking at the root of the system.

FOREIGN POLITICS.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* in London has been the ablest supporter of Lord Beaconsfield and the Jingo policy. But the *Pall Mall Gazette* pronounces the Berlin Treaty a failure, just as Lord Beaconsfield was reported to be seized by a most serious illness. It is a striking coincidence; and although the Prime Minister's vigorous will and sanitary care may restore him for a time to active politics, it is hardly possible that the melodrama of his career can be very much prolonged. The fatal defect of the treaty seems to be that no provision is made for enforcing it, and that the powers which made it are not individually interested enough to care for its execution. Its first result was the Bosnian trouble, and its second is the impending Afghan war. The reforms in Turkey do not seem to be probable, nor was any real security given for them. The plans which the Porte has submitted are like previous plans, and the performance will doubtless resemble previous performances. Apparently there will be neither "peace" nor "honor" as the result of the treaty.

The purpose of the Congress of Berlin was not to ameliorate the condition of the Christians in Turkey, nor to do any thing effectively but to curb Russia. Russian success in the war was felt to threaten "the balance of power." There was, therefore, a combination of action, but not concert of feeling. France and Italy retired from the Congress dissatisfied. Russia bided her time. Austria went home to fight for what the treaty gave her, and Germany to hold her *status quo*. England was the ostensible victor, and now—Europe is arming, war is imminent, and Lord Beaconsfield is seriously, if not fatally, ill. The Afghan war can not now be avoided unless the Ameer should give substantial pledges of his regret and of his good conduct. These he will probably not give unless Russia desires them to be given, and there is no reason that Russia should desire such a course to be taken.

The situation that follows the Treaty of Berlin is, therefore, very grave, if not gloomy, and the health of Lord Beaconsfield now becomes of the utmost concern, for with his disappearance from active politics faith in Jingo statesmanship would vanish.

CANADIAN POLITICS.

We have received the following letter:

"London, Ontario, October 14, 1878.

"*Editor Harper's Weekly, New York:*

"Dear Sir,—I am a constant reader of your journal, and have a very high admiration for your fairness in discussing the questions of the day. I am therefore confident that you will regret having given utterance to statements which are untrue in commenting on the recent Canadian general election. I refer to the article headed 'Our Canadian Neighbors,' in your issue dated October 19. Some of your remarks are ludicrously wide of the truth, and would cause any well-informed Canadian to smile, whether in sympathy with the defeated party or not. For example, you say, '"The Grits," who were in power, were renegade Liberals, and thoroughly reactionary as the real tendencies of the pseudo-Liberal party are, it constitutes the worst obstacle to a truly Liberal policy.' This is simply refreshing. A few facts will explain why. There is but one Liberal party in Canada. It is as united as it is possible for any party composed of men of principle to be. It is known under various names, as 'Liberals,' 'Grits,' and 'Reformers,' all of which are synonyms for the same party, as might be inferred from your use of the term 'the Grits' in the foregoing quotation. Personal animosities there may be among leading Liberals, but for years past there has not been any thing approaching a division of the party, which has with the utmost unanimity regarded the Hon. Alexander Mackenzie, the outgoing Premier, as its leader. To call Mr. Mackenzie a 'renegade Liberal' is as ridiculous as it would be to call President Hayes a renegade Republican, and even more so, from the fact that Mr. Mackenzie has all his life been a prominent Liberal and a notable example of steadfast adherence to reform principles, and has been the leader of his party both in and out of power ever since the confederation of the Dominion. For a man who has been the Liberal leader for the greater portion of his political life to be dubbed a *renegade* Liberal is surely the climax of absurdity.

"I may here remark that the terms 'renegade Liberal' and 'pseudo-Liberal,' as applied to Mr. Mackenzie or his colleagues, have not yet found their way into use in any Canadian paper, as far as I am aware. I can assure you that they have not the remotest application in that connection.

"Now as to the 'reactionary policy' of this 'pseudo-Liberal' party, which has been the 'worst obstacle to a truly liberal policy,' I will mention some of the measures which have been placed in the statute-book by the Liberals during the last few years. They have given us the ballot; they have given us a pure election law, so strict in its provisions that bribery and corruption have been almost unheard of in the recent general election, being too dangerous to be worth the risk; they have given us a Supreme Court, to which we have the option of appealing as a court of last resort, at comparatively small expense, instead of to the Privy Council of England, and whose decisions are final; they have abolished dual representation, that is, the holding by an individual of seats in both the Dominion and Provincial Parliaments; they have extended the franchise to within a very short step of universal suffrage; they have given us a temperance act which permits any county to enact practical prohibition within its jurisdiction for a term of three years by a simple majority vote of the electors; and numerous other acts have been passed tending to keep Canada abreast of the world's advance. Can you regard such progressive measures as these as part of a 'reactionary policy?' And what good thing can be expected from the party about to assume control of the government, seeing that, led on by the same man who is still their leader and idol, Sir John A. Macdonald, they opposed at every stage each and every one of the measures I have enumerated?

"The general influence of Liberal legislation in Canada has been to marvellously purify the political atmosphere, so that a respectable man may now engage actively in politics without being in danger of losing his reputation, or being under the necessity of resorting to every species of dishonesty in order to secure his election to Parliament, as was frequently the case under the old *régime*.

"The recent success of the Conservatives at the polls was a genuine surprise, not less to themselves than to the defeated Government party. The causes for it must be sought entirely aside from the acts of the late ministry. The long-continued and world-wide 'hard times' had predisposed the unreasoning masses to listen to the promises of Conservative demagogues, who placed the whole responsibility for the commercial depression on the backs of the Mackenzie Administration. They perambulated the country promising every thing or any thing which they imagined would tempt the cupidity of the electorate. The most extravagant visions of prosperity were conjured up, if only the Conservatives were returned to power. A 're-adjustment of the tariff' (mysterious phrase!) was to put money in every man's pockets, and introduce a general era of milk and honey. 'Re-adjustment' was interpreted in one part of the country to mean one thing, in another something quite opposite. In Nova Scotia a coal duty was promised, and breadstuffs to be free; in Quebec, exactly the reverse; while in Ontario both were to be protected, and so on. In fact, so absurd and inconsistent were their propositions that the Liberal press treated the whole question as a matter for ridicule rather than for argument, which was, perhaps, the great mistake of the campaign. However, the poison had leavened the lump to an extent that was not dreamed of by the most sanguine Conservative, and hence *astonishment* was the universal expression of countenance on the morning after election-day.

"I am sure that you will now understand that your remarks were based on incorrect information. Of course I am aware that even a New York editor can not know every thing, and that you have sinned in ignorance; but I do think that some sort of statement is due to your readers and yourself in contradiction to your former article.

"You are at liberty to use my name if you wish.

"I am respectfully yours,

"W. J. M'Intosh."

We certainly should be very sorry to make statements in regard to our Canadian neighbors which are untrue. But the article to which Mr. M'Intosh refers was not carelessly written, nor without trustworthy information. The letter which he does us the honor to address to us from the office of the *Daily and Weekly Advertiser*, and which asserts so unqualifiedly the unity of the Liberal party, is the more surprising if it be true, as we are most credibly informed, that he is a member of the firm which some four years ago went to Toronto and set up a morning paper called *The Liberal*, as the organ of the Liberals, against *The Globe*, which is the organ of Mr. Brown and "the Grits." At that time the Hon. Edward Blake was the leader of the Liberals in open opposition to Mr. Brown, and he prompted the establishment of *The Liberal*. It was, as distinctly as possible, a new departure and secession. Afterward, if we are not mistaken, Mr. Blake permitted himself to be taken into the Grit Government of Mr. Mackenzie, or, as was sometimes supposed, of Mr. Brown under Mr. Mackenzie's name. The consequence of this was that Mr. Blake lost his Liberal following, and has now lost his seat in Parliament. Upon his taking office *The Liberal* was withdrawn. It is absolutely certain that a large number of Liberals—one paper says fifty thousand—voted against the Grit Government at the late election. There are most intelligent Canadians who hold that the only really Liberal measure recently brought forward is the reform of the Senate, moved by the Liberal Mr. Mills, who was sharply scolded for it by Mr. Brown's *Globe*.

These things show that there is a well-founded difference of opinion as to the perfect unity of the "Grits."

PERSONAL.

Since the death of Admiral Farragut no funeral services over the remains of a naval officer have been of a more noteworthy character than those at the interment of Admiral Paulding at Huntington, Long Island, on the 22d ult. Nearly every person of distinction in and about the township was present to do honor to his memory, as were many gentlemen prominent in social and public life from abroad. Admiral Paulding was married fifty years ago to Anne M., daughter of Jonathan W. Kellogg, of Flatbush, Long Island, by whom he had several children, six of whom, two sons and four daughters, survive him. His eldest son, Colonel Paulding, now of Philadelphia, distinguished himself as captain of the Sixth United States Cavalry in the late war, receiving two brevets for gallantry. At the close of the war he resigned to enter into civil pursuits. One of the daughters married Commander Richard W. Meade, U.S.N., a nephew of the late General Meade, U.S.A. Another daughter married Meade's young brother, Captain Robert L. Meade, U. S. Marine Corps. Two daughters remain unmarried. The late James K. Paulding, Secretary of the Navy from 1838 to 1841, was a cousin of the admiral; and the late Commander Leonard Paulding, flag captain to Admiral Foote in the battles of Fort Henry and Fort Donelson (1862), and twice wounded in the service, was his nephew.

—It is understood that Lord Dufferin will at his earliest leisure prepare a volume giving his experiences as a ruler, traveller, and observer of men and things during his Governor-Generalship of Canada. Lady Dufferin will also appear as the author of a volume of poetry.

—Mr. A. A. Low, of this city, has presented to the city of Salem, Massachusetts, $5000 as an educational fund, to be kept, with such additions as may accrue to it, and its income devoted to promoting the education of meritorious youth who shall have been fitted for college in a public school of Salem, and who shall be designated by the Mayor, the president of the Common Council, and a member of the School Committee. The picture of Washington hanging in the Aldermen's room in the City Hall, Salem, was a gift from Mr. Low.

—It is reported in English literary circles that Mr. Tennyson will soon publish two new volumes, which will contain neither dramas nor Arthurian idyls. Mr. Tennyson is now sixty-nine years old.

—Intelligence comes from Germany that the Emperor William is so enfeebled that there is little probability of his resuming the active duties of his position. His head is clear as ever, but his general habits of life are entirely changed. Occasionally he takes a stroll on the promenade at Baden-Baden, where he is constantly surrounded and guarded by a large number of *mouchards*. He is watched with the greatest care and attention by the Empress Augusta.

—Gustave Doré has finally determined to visit this country at an early day, while opportunity offers, to see the republic generally, but especially Niagara, our eminent cave in Kentucky, the Rocky Mountains, and the Yosemite. Possibly he may wander into Mexico. He is now at the zenith of his fame, in full health, and only forty-five.

—General Hooker, in a recent conversation about the generals and battles of the late war, was asked if the cavalry did not play a great part in the contest. He replied that "sabres were never crossed in any battle of the war except at Brandy Station, where Buford claimed to have brought off more prisoners than he had engaged enemies." He added that "the best cavalry he ever saw was Stephen Kearny's, Phil Kearny's uncle."

—Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Bright have rigid notions regarding what is right as to outside interference in elections. Recently Mr. George Potter, who is a candidate for the seat in the Commons occupied by the late Mr. Whalley, asked those gentlemen to aid him by a good word. The former replied expressing an unwillingness to take "any steps which might seem like an interference with the freedom of electors," as such a course would be premature and officious. Mr. Bright said he had learned from experience in a former case that "the electors rather resent the meddling of outsiders in what is their business." These examples might be remembered with propriety in the U. S.

—Mr. Mapleson, manager of the Italian Opera Company now performing in this city, made his first appearance on the stage at the age of five months, Edmund Kean having borrowed him to personate the infant in *Henry VIII.* They carried him on, and baptized him "Elizabeth." Charles Mathews, Buckstone, and other actors persisted for years in calling him by this name.

—The Right Hon. W. E. Forster has sent $2500 to the fund for a school of technical education to be established at Bradford, and says: "If Bradford is to hold its own, we must do as much as the French and our other Continental competitors for the scientific training of those engaged in our industries, whether masters or men. I entirely agree with those who think that the practical experience of the workshop can not safely be dispensed with, but I also think that the time is come when we must add to that experience the systematic teaching of the school."

—Sir William Armstrong has given $100,000 worth of land to the town of Newcastle-on-Tyne for the purposes of a public park, and Sir Richard Wallace has presented Ipswich with $25,000 to found a school of art and free library.

—Mr. J. H. Williams, the humorist of the Norristown (Pennsylvania) *Herald*, is to be congratulated on having just fallen heir to a little matter of $30,000, left by an opulent and good uncle in Holland, whither he will immediately promenade to realize.

—Although Thomas Jefferson died so recently as the 4th of July, 1826, yet the veneration of his countrymen for his memory has been so great that three successive head-stones over his grave have been quietly chipped away, and now ornament many a mantel-piece throughout the country he loved so well. A fourth stone will soon be required.

—In the public cemetery at Carlisle, Indiana, is a small plain monument covering the grave of a man known in every home in Sullivan County as Dr. Davis, formerly a practicing physician. After some service in the State Legislature he served four terms in Congress, and in 1843 was elected Speaker of the House. Subsequently he was appointed to succeed Caleb Cushing as minister to China, and on returning home was appointed Governor of Oregon. He was president of the Democratic Convention that nominated Franklin Pierce for the Presidency. An effort is making to erect a larger monument to his memory.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

The Manhattan Savings Institution, corner of Broadway and Bleecker Street, in this city, was robbed of nearly $3,000,000 in securities and money, by a band of masked burglars, on the morning of the 27th ult.

The schooner *Florence*, Captain Tyson, from the arctic regions, arrived at New London on the 30th ult. All on board are well. The captain doubts the existence of an open polar sea. There may be water, but he believes it is choked with immense quantities of floating ice.

President Hayes has issued a proclamation appointing Thursday, the 28th inst., as a day of thanksgiving.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Eastern Question: In a circular to the signatory powers in regard to the new rebellion south of the Balkans, the Porte describes the condition of the Mussulmans in Bulgaria and Roumelia as intolerable, and declares that a foreign power is co-operating with a Sclavonic committee at Sofia, and aiming at the establishment of a new independent state. In another note, addressed to Prince Labanoff, the Russian ambassador, the Porte charges Russia with connivance at the plans of the rebels, and demands her aid in suppressing a rebellion begun under the eyes of the Russian troops.—The Porte hesitates to appoint a Governor for Eastern Roumelia, for fear of a conflict between the Russian and Turkish authorities. The Russians have informed the International Commission that it is impossible at present to restore the Turkish judiciary in Eastern Roumelia. The Russian authorities desire, in the interest of the province itself, to continue in the administration of its affairs as long as is necessary.—Lord Salisbury has sent a dispatch to Minister Layard expressing the satisfaction of her Majesty's government at the Sultan's reply in regard to the British scheme of reforms in Asia Minor.—Prince Labanoff has sent a note to the Porte acknowledging the responsibility of the Russian authorities for the Bulgarian excesses, and declaring that the Russians will take military measures against the Bulgarian irruption into Macedonia.—The reforms sanctioned for Asia include a gendarmerie under foreign instructors, with a partly foreign administration, a court of appeals partly foreign in its composition, and for minor courts a foreign inspector in each vilayet. The European system of taxation, under European administrators, will be experimentally introduced in one or two vilayets, and thence extended, if successful. The officials at the head of the financial department and the governors of provinces are to be appointed for five years, and will be irremovable except for cause.—The Russian Governor of Tultcha has proclaimed the transfer of the Dobrudscha to Roumania, and has summoned the natives who are desirous of giving a fitting welcome to the Roumanians to consult the communal authorities in relation thereto.—The St. Petersburg *Golos* says if the Russian people were consulted they would unhesitatingly decide for a renewal of the struggle. Despite the expedients of diplomacy to arrest the natural course of historical development, it is evident that the inevitable crisis in the Eastern question has arrived. There is no apparent prospect of completing the organization of the Balkan peninsula on a basis of humanity and justice without a fresh war.—The Porte, at the instance of France and Italy, expresses its willingness to make a slight rectification of the frontier in favor of Greece, but it is thought that Greece will refuse any boundary other than that indicated in the conferences at Berlin.

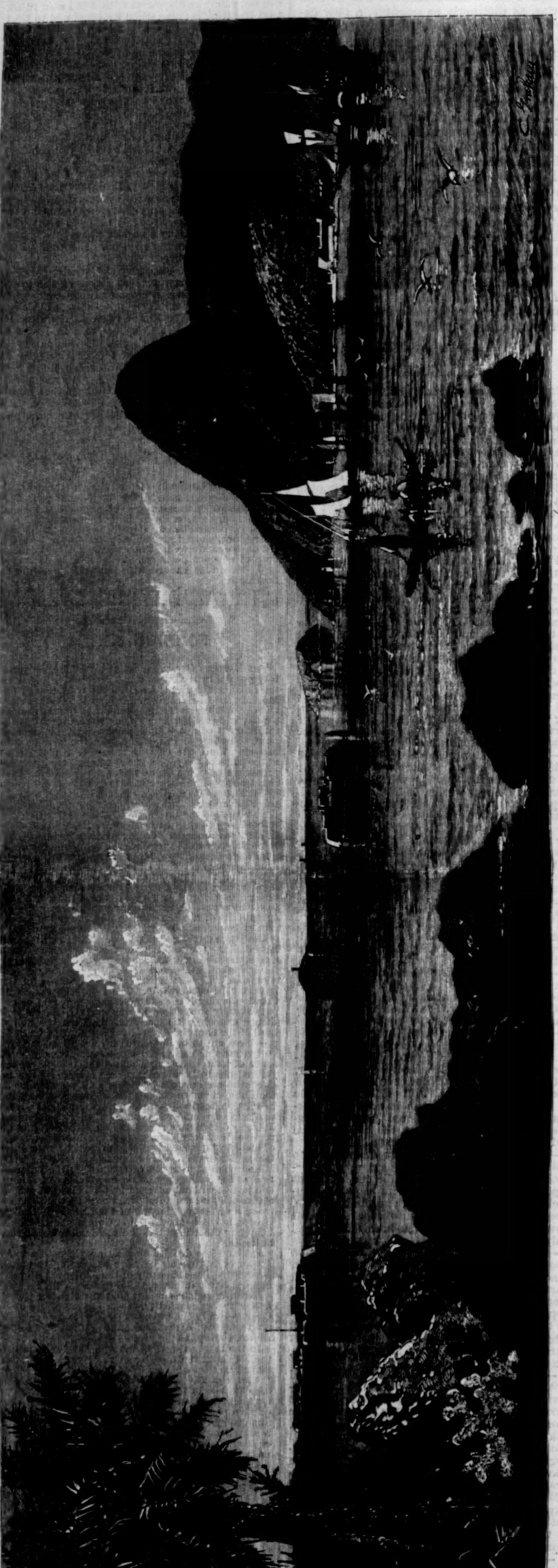
England has decided to send an ultimatum to the Ameer of Afghanistan before proceeding to ulterior measures.—The field army of the Ameer is believed to number 50,000 infantry, 12,000 cavalry, with 200 guns.—Berlin dispatches report that the Russian General Lonakine has started from the eastern shore of the Caspian Sea in the direction of Merv, near the northern frontier of Afghanistan, one account says to punish marauding inhabitants.

In the Lower House of the Austrian Reichsrath, on the 30th ult., the reporter of the Budget Committee moved that the discussion of the government bill for the issue of 25,000,000 florins of gold rentes to cover the expenses of the Bosnian occupation be postponed for the present, and the government meanwhile be requested to lay the Treaty of Berlin before the House immediately for discussion. The Budget Committee, in the sitting when it decided upon this action, adopted a resolution that the treaty ought to have been submitted to the House before the occupation was undertaken, while the Finance Minister maintained that the delegations alone were competent to discuss the foreign policy of the government.

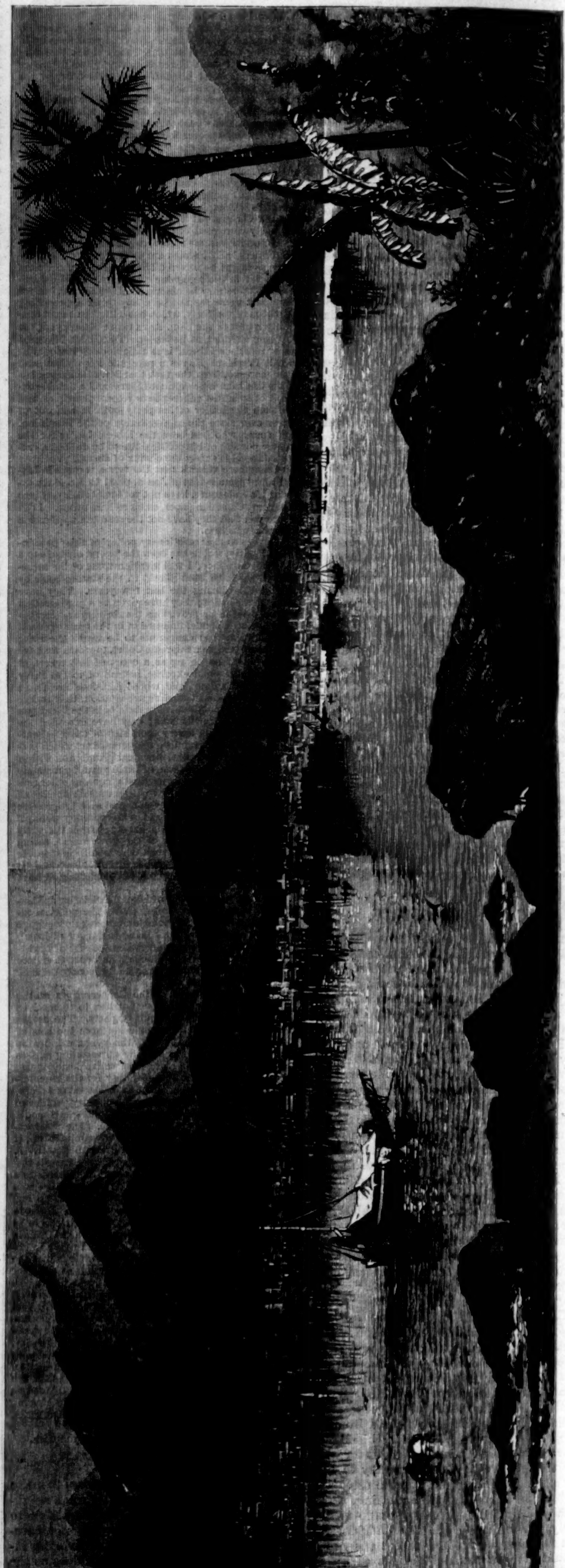
An attempt was made on the evening of the 25th ult. to shoot King Alfonso. He was driving through the street in Madrid known as the Calle Mayor, when a man in a blouse fired a pistol at him. The King was not touched, and continued on his way to the palace amid the acclamations of the crowd. The would-be assassin was immediately seized by the soldiers and taken to prison. He is twenty-three years of age, a cooper by trade, and a native of Tarragona. He says that he is a member of the International Society, and that his crime was premeditated.

Intelligence has been received from Whydah, on the west coast of Africa, that the Portuguese commandant and seven soldiers are held captive by the King of Dahomey, who makes them parade before him daily. The king has recommenced the custom of human sacrifices. Five hundred persons have been slaughtered in one month.

The National Company's steam-ship *Helvetia*, while on her way from Liverpool to New York, on the 31st ult., ran down and sank the British coast-guard cruiser *Fanny* off Queenstown. Seventeen persons belonging to the *Fanny* were drowned.



ENTRANCE TO THE HARBOR, LOOKING SEAWARD.



VIEW OF THE CITY FROM ACROSS THE HARBOR.

THE CITY AND HARBOR OF RIO DE JANEIRO.—FROM PICTURES BY CARLOS SANT SOM.—[SEE PAGE 909.]

LIEUTENANT BENNER, HERO AND MARTYR.

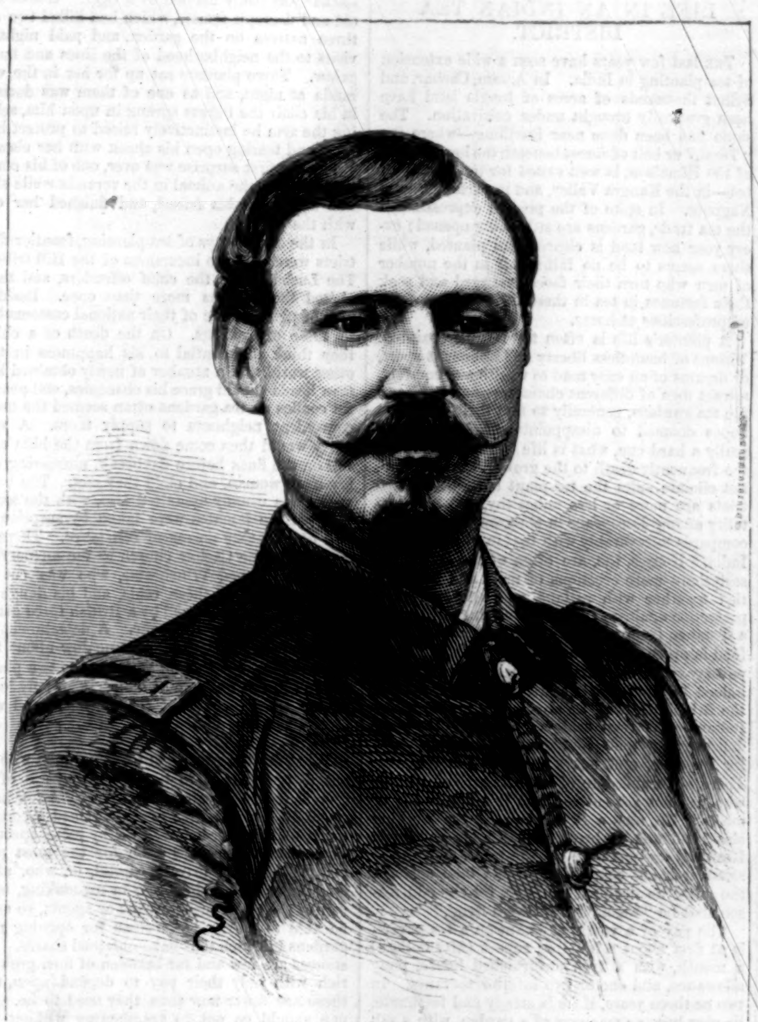
Lieutenant Hiram H. Benner, who went South from St. Louis in charge of the relief-boat *John M. Chambers* to carry assistance to the people of the regions infected with the yellow fever, and who recently fell a victim to that dread disease, was born at Strasburg, Pennsylvania, January 3, 1844. While he was a child his parents removed to Sterling, Illinois, where they still live. He served throughout the war in the Eighteenth Illinois Volunteers, in which he was made Captain March 25, 1865, and was mustered out December 16, 1865. At the battle of Stone River his regiment suffered severely in killed and wounded, and among the prisoners was Lieutenant **Benner**. He was confined in Andersonville, and afterward in the Libby, until duly exchanged. On the 18th of June, 1867, he was appointed from Illinois Second Lieutenant in the Eighteenth Infantry (regulars), and promoted to First Lieutenant May 1, 1875.

When the government called for volunteers to accompany the relief-boat, Lieutenant **Benner** was the first to offer his services, and from the time of starting until death closed his noble career he was among the most active in the work of succor and charity. He caught the disease from having given up his state-room to a lady from the infected district, who was at the time suffering from the fever. He died at a point some miles below Vicksburg, on the morning of October 17.

The news of his death awakened profound sympathy and sorrow throughout the South. A Vicksburg paper pays this hearty tribute to his worth: "A soldier of the Stars and Stripes, he cast his life, his fame, and fortune against the South militant and triumphant. When he came to conquer in the glorious cause of suffering humanity, he laid his hearty hand upon the brow of a dying people in the way of gentle kindness and lovable consolation. Then his mission was to rescue and to save, and he died for those same people against whom he lifted a manly hand when they were strong, and extended a soothing one when they were weak and lowly."

At the time he volunteered to take charge of the relief-boat, Lieutenant **Benner** was stationed at Atlanta, Georgia, where his widow and two fatherless little children remain to mourn his loss. To them and to his parents the whole country offers the tribute of sincere and heart-felt sympathy.

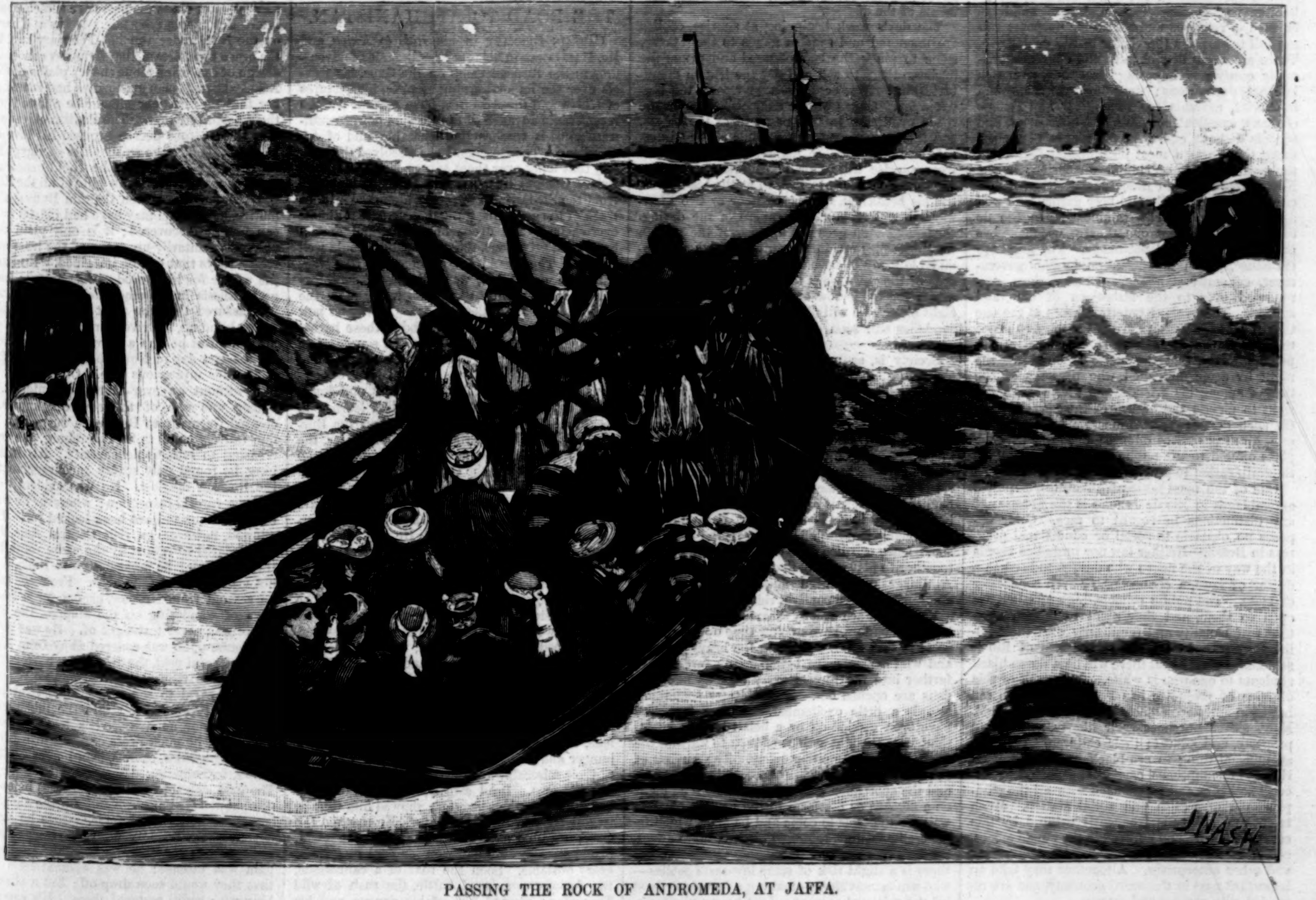
Major-General **Hancock**, in a letter to the Southern Relief Committee, makes a touching appeal for contributions in behalf of the afflicted family. It is a worthy case, and we have no doubt the responses will be generous.



THE LATE LIEUTENANT HIRAM H. BENNER.—[From a Photograph by J. R. Schorr.]

THE ROCK OF ANDROMEDA.

There is considerable danger whenever there is a slight sea on at Jaffa in getting from the shore to the packet-boats in the roads. The basin which forms the harbor, in which only small craft can find refuge, is guarded from the rougher sea by monster rocks, against which the waters break furiously all day. The artist to whose pencil we are indebted for the striking sketch on this page writes: "The boat we engaged to carry us from the town to the packet in the roads was large and strongly built, and manned by a crew of stalwart Arabs and Syrians, who strained every muscle to pull through the narrow channel between these rocks at the mouth of the harbor, to one of which an ancient myth chains the fair Andromeda. She must, indeed, have suffered much from her bath till Perseus came. It was with some anxiety that many of our passengers looked toward those black, rugged rocks as our strong crew, who stood up to their oars, pulled us safely through into the lumpy waters outside. This is not the only source of anxiety, especially to lady passengers, on embarking on board the packets at Jaffa, for when arriving near the Austrian Lloyd's or Messagerie steamers the shore boats bump and jostle one another terribly, and it is with difficulty that one can succeed in gaining the deck ladders of the packets, as it is necessary to wait the opportunity when the sea drives the shore boat flush with the first stair. Then one will give a frantic jump, and almost realize the sensation of standing alone in space, so suddenly does the small boat drag from under."



PASSING THE ROCK OF ANDROMEDA, AT JAFFA.

RIO DE JANEIRO.

The harbor of Rio de Janeiro, shown in the sketches on the opposite page, is said, and not without justice, to be the most beautiful, secure, and spacious in the world. It is landlocked, being entered from the south by a passage about a mile in width. It extends inland about seventeen miles, and has an extreme breadth of twelve miles. Of its numerous islands, the largest, Governor's Island, is about six miles long. The entrance of the bay, guarded on either side by granite mountains, is deep, and is so safe that vessels approach it without the aid of pilots. On the left of the entrance rises the peak called, from its peculiar shape, the Sugarloaf Mountain, and all around the bay the blue waters are girdled by mountains and lofty hills of every variety of picturesqueness and fantastic outline.

One of the first things to attract the attention of the traveller, as he steams up this magnificent harbor to the city, is the massive character of the piers, which jut far out into the water. Instead of miserable wooden arrangements, half dilapidated and decayed, such as surround our own great metropolis, he sees an immense system of granite piers, from which at intervals broad steps lead down to the water, built as if to endure for ages. **Thomas C. Evans**, who some years ago published a series of delightful papers in *Harper's Magazine* descriptive of a health trip to Brazil, calls especial attention to these piers, and suggests that the time will come when future generations will look upon them as we do now upon the relics of buried empires: "These buttresses will lie here, and the waves resound against them, when the civilizations of the Northern and Southern continents shall have followed those of Egypt and Carthage into the cloud-land of night and oblivion. Antiquarian inquirers in the ages hereafter will ponder these huge squares of stone, and fall into deep pits of conjecture touching the people that hewed and the architect that laid them."

The city of Rio de Janeiro stands on the west shore of the bay, about four miles from its mouth. Seven green and mound-like hills diversify its site, and the white-walled and vermilion-roofed houses cluster in the intervening valleys and climb the eminences in long lines. From the central portion of the city these lines of houses extend in three principal directions to a distance of about four miles. The old town, nearest the bay, is laid out in squares; the streets cross at right angles, and are paved and flagged, and the houses, generally built of granite, are commonly two stories high. West of this portion is the elegantly built new town, and the two districts are separated by the Campo de Santa Anna—an immense square or park—on different parts of which are erected the public buildings. These are many and imposing. But in spite of its size and its half million of inhabitants, Rio de Janeiro is not an impressive city. It is, in fact, an assemblage of suburbs, separated from each other by intervening hills and mountain spurs. The suburb of Batafogo is at a distance of two or three miles from the centre of the city, and that of San Christovas nearly the same distance in the opposite direction. It is only from the heights in the rear that any adequate sense of its magnitude can be obtained. So seen, its proportions are metropolitan and not without majesty. The city is old, and many of its structures appear as gray and venerable as if a thousand years had passed over them.

The principal streets of Rio de Janeiro correspond to those of other cities. The Rue Dereita is the Wall Street and the Rue de Ouvidor the Broadway of the Brazilian capital. In the first, throngs of men with a grave business aspect move to and fro, carrying umbrellas to shield them from the sun, and they seem to be occupied with the same anxieties that beset a similar class in our own metropolis. There is not, however, much of the impetuosity of movement which may be observed among a similar throng of merchants on 'Change in New York, but rather a slow deliberation of step and gesture, in which it is difficult to tell whether earnestness or languor predominates. On the Rue de Ouvidor is seen that more lively class who are occupied with the business of spending money rather than that of making it. Many of the shops are sumptuous and attractive in appearance, and the goods they offer are of the first quality. They have large plate-glass windows protected by heavy metal bars, and behind these their wares are displayed with much taste and elegance. It is a peculiarity of the shop-keeper of Rio de Janeiro that he evinces no eagerness to dispose of his wares. One writer says: "He seems to be steeped in drowsy content, and to repose serenely above all commercial anxieties or agitations. Perhaps the heat takes the covetousness out of him. At any rate, his deliberate indifference to custom is nearly equal to that of the Turk, who preludes the most trivial bargain with a pipe, a cup cf coffee, and a nap." On the other hand, there is not, perhaps, the same necessity for urging wares upon a purchaser as exists in countries where purses are lighter and habits more economical. Brazil is a rich country, and many of the enormous fortunes acquired when the slave-trade flourished at its greatest height are preserved intact. Again, each province of the empire has some great source or sources of wealth which have been carefully developed. In the southern provinces these are animal products, such as hides, beef, horns, and hair. In San Paulo and Rio de Janeiro it is coffee; in Bahia, tobacco; in Pernambuco, sugar and cotton; in Pará, India rubber, Brazil-nuts, and cocas. These are cultivated in their respective districts almost to the exclusion of every thing else, and form the great basis of prosperity. Brazil ought to be one of the largest customers of the United States, especially in food substances; yet Austria and some other countries are beginning to gain at our expense in supplying this vast empire with flour, meats, etc. The Austrian flour commands about a dollar a barrel more than American. It is packed in smaller and stronger barrels than ours, but containing the same weight.

Rio de Janeiro has paid its tribute to the arts and sciences. There is an Imperial Academy of Fine Arts, a Conservatory of Music, a Historical and Geographical Institute which publishes its proceedings in a quarterly review, and there are collections of pictures and curiosities in the several palaces of the Emperor. On the Campo de Santa Anna stands the National Museum, where, besides the usual array of minerals, coins, and stuffed birds and animals, there are some of the remarkable feather dresses from the Amazon, and curious specimens of the art of the original inhabitants of Brazil. The number of buildings devoted to religious and charitable purposes can not fail to surprise the visitor to Rio de Janeiro. There are about fifty chapels and churches, generally costly and imposing structures, with rich internal decorations; there are convents and nunneries, asylums for foundlings and female orphans, excellent hospitals and infirmaries, and schools without end. As for places of amusement, they form a most insignificant feature of the town. A city of similar dimensions in the North would sustain numerous theatres, a succession of music halls and beer gardens, as well as hosts of minor entertainments. In Rio de Janeiro there is but one theatre which enjoys any thing like liberal patronage. The great opera-house, which is subsidized by the government, generally stands silent and forlorn, surrendered over to the attentions of bats and spiders. The average entertainments at the one theatre which flourishes are not such as to invite the attendance of ladies. It occasionally happens, however, that the house is hired for the night by some individual who disposes of the tickets among his friends, and thus obtains the right to dictate the nature of the performance. On such occasions the drama, or perhaps operetta, given is void of offense; but ordinarily the plays offered to the public would afford very little gratification to a cultivated taste.

One of the most noticeable features of public assemblages in Rio de Janeiro is the absence of any distinctions in regard to race. Color opposes no obstacle to social or educational progress in Brazil. Neither law nor prejudice stands in the way of the negro who desires to become a doctor of laws, a chancellor, or even a minister of state. The public schools, high and low, are open to them, and they seem to mingle upon terms of equality and familiarity with their fellow-students. In the public libraries of Rio it sometimes occurs that there will be a dozen black students to one who is white. One result of this absence of prejudice has been to diminish the hardship and hopelessness of captivity in Brazil. Many slaves purchase their liberty, accumulate property, and educate their children. It is not an unusual thing to see black men and women riding in sumptuous carriages, attended by liveried servants, and surrounded with all the paraphernalia of wealth and social station. Much talent and ability is frequently evinced by this class. They occupy bureaux in the public offices, conduct mercantile establishments, plantations, and other enterprises. Altogether they take an important part in the social economy, and are regarded with respect and esteem.

LIFE IN AN INDIAN TEA DISTRICT.

The last few years have seen a wide extension of tea-planting in India. In Assam, Cachar, and Sylhet thousands of acres of jungle land have been gradually brought under cultivation. The same has been done near Darjiling—where the "Teraï," or belt of forest beneath the lower slopes of the Himalaya, is well suited for the growth of tea—in the Kangra Valley, and in parts of Chota-Nagpore. In spite of the present depression in the tea trade, gardens are still being opened; every year new land is cleared and planted, while there seems to be no falling off in the number of men who turn their faces eastward and seek their fortunes in tea in these days of overcrowded professions at home.

A planter's life is often too brightly painted. Visions of boundless liberty and abundant sport, or dreams of an easy road to wealth and comfort, attract men of different characters and habits to the tea gardens, generally to find their cherished hopes doomed to disappointment. The life is really a hard one, what is life to the plant being too frequently death to the grower. As a damp, hot climate suits the tea-plant best, all the districts are more or less unhealthy, and the mortality among Europeans in tea-growing provinces compares unfavorably with that in other parts of India. Houses, too, are often of the *kutcha* description—mere erections of mats and bamboos tied together with rattans, and affording poor protection against damp. In outlying gardens at a distance from any station or large bazar good food is procured with difficulty. Muddy fish and poverty-stricken fowls and ducks and eggs can indeed be obtained, but are very different from the British article. So obvious is this to Anglo-Indians that they seldom or never call these delicacies by their English title. It is *murghi* for instance, and not "fowl," to the initiated. There is an anecdote of a newly arrived planter who had not yet entered into this distinction of meats. He was a Scotchman of the working class, and was at breakfast with his employer. Beef and *murghi* were on the table, and on the stranger being asked if he would take some of the latter he declined to do so, for the odd reason that he "wasna used to high livin'."

The pay of a young assistant on a tea garden is at first about a hundred rupees (fifty dollars) a month, with a free unfurnished house, pony allowance, and one or two inferior servants. In two or three years, if he is steady and fortunate, he may become manager of a garden, with a salary of two hundred or two hundred and fifty rupees a month. After longer experience and success in raising tea, his pay may advance to four hundred rupees or more; but part of this will depend on the output of tea from the garden, and on the prices realized at sales, on which managers are allowed commission. Meanwhile his expenses are considerable. Few men can keep their health in the tropics without certain luxuries and comforts unnecessary in England, and these in a tea district are sold at exorbitant prices. One or more ponies and their attendants have to be kept besides those allowed by the garden; upper house servants receive high wages for India; and to swell his expenses the planter has to take his part in the hospitalities and amusements of the district.

The day's work beginning at sunrise, coolies are mustered and sent in gangs to their tasks, some to pluck the leaf or weed and prune the bushes, others to roll and dry the leaf in manufacturing houses, or to sort and pack the prepared tea. Gangs will be busy elsewhere on the roads or drains in various parts of the estate, and their work must be superintended at intervals on horseback. A planter is in the saddle from sunrise till 10 or 11 o'clock A.M., returns from out-door work to look in at the tea-houses, has his breakfast, spends an hour or two afterward in the stifling atmosphere of the drying-sheds, and then goes out again over the garden till the coolies are turned in at five, when a formidable array of reports, disputes to settle, records of the day's work to make up, and arrangements for to-morrow awaits him. At seven or eight o'clock he will dine, and the mosquitoes or sand-flies will soon drive him into his curtains afterward.

Society is, as may be supposed, of a mixed character. In most districts there is a government station, with two or three resident civilians, perhaps a native regiment with half a dozen English officers, a doctor, and possibly a clergyman, some of whom may have their wives with them. A lady may now and then be met with on the gardens also. Distances are so great and roads so bad that men seldom meet in any numbers or see much of any but their nearest neighbors, unless there is an annual gathering for pony-racing and athletic sports in the cool season. Once or twice a week a few planters come together to play polo, natives joining in the game. A dinner party often finishes the evening's amusement, or a moonlight ride home to quarters.

Sportsmen are usually disappointed in tea districts. Planters have neither time nor means at hand to follow large game in the heavy jungles, and wild animals are being driven farther and farther into the forests every year as new gardens are opened out. A stray tiger sometimes affords a little excitement. After a few cows have been carried off or a belated cooly killed, things are thought serious enough to warrant the formation of a hunting party. The carcass of the last deceased cow is discovered in the jungle, and the sportsmen establish themselves at night on a *machān* or platform in the nearest trees to wait for the tiger to come and be shot, which he generally declines to do. Poison is more effective in getting rid of troublesome animals; but there is a slight risk of some low-caste coolies—who will eat any thing—making a forbidden feast off the poisoned carcass. Last year a planter in Cachar was badly mauled by a tiger. It was an old and decrepit female, which had killed two or three natives on the garden, and paid nightly visits to the neighborhood of the lines and bungalow. Three planters sat up for her in the veranda at night, and as one of them was dozing in his chair the tigress sprang in upon him, seizing the arm he instinctively raised to protect his face, and tearing open his cheek with her claws. When the first surprise was over, one of his companions shot the animal in the veranda while she was still upon his friend, and finished her off with the bayonet.

In the earlier days of tea-planting, frontier districts were liable to incursions of the Hill tribes. The Lushais were the chief offenders, and they visited the gardens more than once. Besides love of plunder, one of their national customs led to these expeditions. On the death of a chief they think it essential to his happiness in the other world that a number of newly obtained human heads should grace his obsequies, and peaceful coolies on tea gardens often seemed the most convenient neighbors to supply them. A war party would then come down from the hills and fall on the lines before daybreak, murdering every man, woman, and child they met. The bungalow was usually assaulted also, with the same result if the inmates were taken by surprise or had no adequate means of resistance. There is a tablet in the Cachar church to the memory of a planter named Winchester, who was cut to pieces in one of these raids, and his daughter carried off, to be rescued by a British force afterward sent against the tribe. A detachment of Lushais which attacked a bungalow about the same time was driven off with loss by two planters and the wife of one of them. The lady loaded the rifles throughout the skirmish, and was as cool and determined as any of the party.

What are the prospects of young men who go out to tea? It is to be feared they are often represented in too attractive colors. A few have certainly in the course of time gained a competence, or have become well off by lucky speculation. But these have been for the most part men who owned private capital, or who, after long experience and success in tea-making, have gained the confidence of firms or agents, so as to be able to borrow large sums for opening new gardens in which they have obtained shares. Instances are few and far between of men growing rich with only their pay to depend upon, and these are fewer now than they used to be. No one should go out to tea-planting without the promise of employment from proprietors or agents at home or in India, and even then he should not expect to become wealthy unless he has money of his own to invest, or more than the usual luck of men abroad. Recommendations or introductions to Calcutta firms, on the strength of which so many leave home, are often of small value, from the number of applicants for employment already on their books. At best a man has to face the certainty of a hard life, much drudgery in a trying climate, and many anxieties and changes of fortune, while he can only hope to become master of sufficient wealth to enable him some day to return home in average comfort after many years of exile and unsettled life.

THE ROAD TO AFGHANISTAN.

Captain Burnaby in his *Ride to Khiva*, and Mr. MacGahan in his romance-like tale of adventures in the Russian camp on the Oxus, his travels over the icy or burning steppes, his pictures of Khiva and the Aral Sea, have pointed out the recent rapid advance of the Russian power southward until it reaches the debatable land of Afghanistan. The Russians have dissolved the mystery that hung over these savage lands of Middle Asia. General Kaufmann in 1873 led his army from the Sir-Daria to the Oxus, along the interior track of the caravans, through deserts that almost overwhelmed and drove him back, and amidst heat, cold, privations, that few soldiers could well endure. The Grand Duke Nicholas, who went with the expedition, won his first sanguinary laurels in the Khivan war, and was among the first to enter the fallen capital. It was no new project of the Russians to subdue these barbarous regions. Peter the Great, the source of so many of his country's aspirations, attempted and failed to conquer Khiva. Several later expeditions had been driven back with loss, and sometimes utter ruin. The Khivans had learned to look almost with a smile of pity upon the Russian hopes. The deserts, the cold of winter, the waterless plains, the savage tribes, seemed to guard the banks of the Oxus.

It was in the spring of 1873 that the adventurous MacGahan set out in pursuit of General Kaufmann and his army, which he hoped to overtake on its march to Khiva. He was alone, except his servants—the only American in the savage wild. He was warned that his project was hopeless, that he must fall a prey to the Kirghiz or the Turcomans, the deserts, the Khivans. The Russian officers on the Aral Sea opposed his design, and would have kept him almost a prisoner. He escaped from their camp; he had letters to the Grand Duke Nicholas and General Kaufmann; he relied on their favorable reception; pressed on in the path of the advancing army. For a long time it escaped him. He could find no trace of the marching host. Water, provisions, failed. He was haggard and faint with hunger and toil. At last he came upon the traces of their miserable advance, and suffering not unlike his own. Dead camels, the ashes of camp fires, the sick, the stragglers, showed him that he was at least in the right path. He reached the Oxus. With a natural ardor he hailed the broad, placid stream. He had won his goal in spite of every obstacle. Soon the roar of a cannonade, the furious sounds of battle, the rush of wild Turcomans, warned him of his danger and his success. Kaufmann was near, but it was the acme of the contest, the crisis of his fate. The Khivans were beaten easily; Khiva surrendered; and the adventurous American, who presented himself, haggard, wasted with famine, ragged, unshorn, to the Russian officers, was met by a generous welcome. They fed him out of their own small stores. They took him to Khiva. He saw the gardens and palaces of the Khan, and the abject submission of the whole country to Russia. The Oxus had become almost a Russian river, and the frontiers of the empire had been pressed onward to Afghanistan.

The Oxus is a historical river. Over its broad waters Alexander led his Macedonians; on its shores he had built cities; around it grew up the Greek kingdom of Bactria that subdued India, and seemed about to civilize Asia. But barbarism had returned, and over the central lands on the shores of the Aral the Turcomans and the Kirghiz have for ages waged desultory war. The Oxus has even changed its bed. Cultivated lands have sunk into deserts. A few oases remain. But the Russians can hope to make little use of the territory they have explored and won. It is possible that the railroad and the telegraph may at some time span the awful deserts in which Kaufmann's army had nearly perished. The scanty wells may be purified, the savage people reclaimed. But as yet the Russian military stations in the north are separated from the Oxus by an almost impassable barrier, and it is scarcely likely that a Russian army could march upon India by the path followed by Kaufmann and MacGahan. The Sea of Aral must form their chief means of communication with Khiva. In that absurd—almost childish—antagonism which has grown up between Russia and England in the East, the chief interest attached to these desolate wilds is a military one. It may be hoped that this spirit of warfare will at some time give place to the lessons of peace, that both nations will yet use the blue waves of the Sea of Aral and the placid waters of the Oxus for a higher, more humane, aim; set a more rational example to the savages they subdue. Yet it is at least one useful result of the warlike impulse of Russia that the mystery of Central Asia is at last revealed. Five years ago no European had penetrated the remarkable scene. The western border of the Sea of Aral was a land of doubt. To-day it is a Russian province. We can visit with the traveller the Kibitzas or the Kirghiz, and discover in the sands of the Red Desert a perpetual barrier to the advance of civilization.

One of the first to take advantage of the Russian victory, and explore anew the path of MacGahan, was Captain Burnaby, an English officer. Without any proper authority, opposed by Russian hostility, almost in the guise of a spy or an unwelcome guest, the traveller, in the depth of winter, forced his way out of the Russian lines, bore all the perils of an unexampled journey, made his way to Khiva, was stopped by Russian influence, and has given a striking account of the wild regions of Central Asia. Burnaby's explorations are of great value to his countrymen in a military point of view. They throw a fresh light upon the arid scenery of the shores of the Aral. But his descriptions, animated and bold, his startling adventures, singular escapes, the danger he was in from his unauthorized presence in a territory closed to his countrymen, his labors, vivacity, success, have made his narrative sometimes more interesting than a fairy tale. It was at Khartoom, on the Nile, under the hot February sun, beside the broad blue stream, that Burnaby conceived the design of exploring alone the icy plains of Central Asia. The Russian authorities had issued an order that no foreigner should be allowed to visit their Asian territory. The English officer asserts that the rigorous decree aroused his love of adventure. Under the sultry skies of Egypt he was seized with a new desire: he would penetrate the mystery of Central Asia in spite of all the Russias.

What may have been Captain Burnaby's real motive, how far he may have had official support, can not be discovered; it is only plain that he entered voluntarily upon one of the least attractive journeys that can be imagined. He had only the winter for his period of rest, travel; he must go to Russia in the most inclement season. He was assured that the frost was intolerable, the snows blinding, the rivers treacherous, the people hostile. But he was a traveller, an Englishman. On the last day of November, 1875, he left London on his mysterious ride. One can not follow him without an ever-increasing interest. The winter was one of the severest known. He crossed Germany to Berlin, he rushed on in the fine railway train to St. Petersburg, the cold increasing to intolerable severity. At St. Petersburg he found only scanty encouragement from the Russian officials. He was evidently placed under a careful inspection; wherever he went his coming seems to have been looked for. He was allowed, however, to visit Central Asia, but he was ordered to return by the same route he had travelled over; he must not go to India, he must not visit Khiva or Candahar. From the moment he set out from Moscow, except for a few brief days of wandering on the steppes, the English officer was never lost sight of. He was expected at Orenburg, he was ordered away from Khiva.

The fearful cold, the frosts, the horrors of winter, seem to rise in the inhospitable regions beyond the Aral to something almost intolerable. Burnaby threw himself into the midst of them with singular audacity. His leave of absence was short; he must press on. He drove forward his native guides, camels, lean horses, amidst the snows, ice, blinding dangers, of the wintry way. The cold was thirty or forty degrees below zero; the snow sometimes covered up the sleighs and travellers in its fatal folds. Once he was dug out by some friendly natives. Once his arms were frozen; they became blue and lifeless; the pain was intense; he was assured by a Tartar that they would soon drop off; but a sharp rubbing with vodki restored them. His camels, his horses, his guides, were often restive, and only to be ruled by force. He nearly perished on his perilous way. But at last he escaped the scrutiny of the Russian police, saw with joy the broad face of the Oxus, entered Khiva, and was received with careful attention by the ruling Khan. Here he was suddenly interrupted by an order from his Russian guardians, who had once more found their lost charge. He was directed to present himself at the Russian fortress. He obeyed. He was sent back to Europe by the road along the Aral, and retraced his course over the deserts he had passed with such difficulty. But he had won his goal—he had seen Khiva.

There is something painful, yet still something hopeful, in these accounts of Middle Asia. It is evident that all the native powers, all the Russian officers, look for war with India and the English. It is no dream of peace that haunts these savage bands. Afghanistan is to be the scene of furious hostilities. The native chiefs and people seem to be on the side of the Russians. They assert that the people of India are on their side too. But one might suppose that England and Russia could find some common ground of agreement, and the people of both countries forbid the folly of ceaseless wars. England, at least, may resolve to set the example of humanity.

Eugene Lawrence.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

NOVEMBER.

Sunday, 17.—Twenty-second Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday, 24.—Twenty-third Sunday after Trinity.
Saturday, 30.—St. Andrew.

The Conference of believers in the premillennial advent of Christ assembled, as announced, in the Church of the Holy Trinity on Wednesday, October 30. Its objects were set forth in a sermon delivered Sunday, October 27, by the Rev. S. H. Tyng, Jun., as follows: (1) It will be a reminder that the doctrine of the premillennial advent of Christ is as old as the Christian Church. (2) It will show that only in connection with the return of Christ does the doctrine of the incarnation receive its full meaning.

The profound interest in the subject of the Conference was shown in the attendance of ministers and laymen on the opening day. The morning audience filled the church; those of the afternoon and evening crowded it. The first paper was from the Rev. Dr. S. H. Tyng, and was read by his son. It was a carefully prepared argument, in a large degree exegetical, in favor of the premillennial advent of Christ. Three propositions were laid down: (1) That the Scripture is the only authority for the expectation of a return of Christ to the world; (2) that Scripture is the only source of information respecting the matter and manner of His coming; (3) that Scripture is to be construed in accordance with the ordinary laws of language. The essayist then proceeded to argue that the coming—which, indeed, all Christians look for—is a premillennial coming. Addresses were also delivered by Dr. S. H. Kellogg, Professor of Theology in the Presbyterian Seminary, Alleghany, Pennsylvania; the Rev. Dr. A. J. Gordon, of Boston; the Rev. Dr. C. K. Imbrie, of Jersey City; and the Rev. Dr. W. P. Mackay, of Hull, England. Among the well-known persons present were the Rev. Dr. Richard Newton, Hon. Felix R. Brunot, the Rev. J. Hyatt Smith, Rev. Dr. E. P. Goodwin, of Chicago, and the Rev. Dr. Rufus W. Clarke, of Albany. Whatever may be thought of the opinions of the promoters of this Conference, the fact that, at a time when the primary truths of theism are denied by so many, they meet to declare their expectation of one of the greatest miracles conceivable, proves that faith in Christianity as a supernatural religion has not wholly died out.

The overture of the Presbyterian Assembly on "Representation," which proposes one Commissioner to the Assembly for every 2500 communicants, has a prospect of being adopted. Twenty-nine Presbyteries have voted upon it, nineteen of them for and ten against.

A majority of the clergy of the Protestant Episcopal Diocese of Michigan have requested the call of a special Convention for the purpose of electing a successor to Bishop M'Coskry, deposed. It is expected that the Convention will meet at an early date.

The General Missionary Committee of the Methodist Episcopal Church met on Friday, November 1, to review the work done the past year, and to make apportionments for the year 1879. The treasurer's report stated that the receipts were $551,365, and the disbursements $511,169. The present debt of the missionary treasury is $117,922. This missionary society is both foreign and domestic. Its foreign missionaries and assistants number 451; its missionaries within the limits of the United States are 1380. Many of the latter, however, are partly supported by the people among whom they labor.

The vacancy in the General Theological Seminary of the Protestant Episcopal Church occasioned by the election of Professor Seymour as bishop of the diocese of Springfield has been filled by the choice of the Rev. Dr. Eugene A. Hoffman as his successor. Dr. Hoffman will be dean of the seminary. The Rev. Dr. Thomas Richey has been elected Professor of Ecclesiastical History, which position was also once held by Bishop Seymour.

"Philo-Jesuit," in a letter to the New York *Observer*, defends the M'Sweeny plan of connecting the public schools with the Roman Catholic Church, as described in this Intelligence last week. The letter is frank and good-tempered, but its logic can hardly be said to be convincing. "Philo-Jesuit" says, of the schools turned over to the Poughkeepsie Board of Education, "They are as completely under the board as any public schools in the city. There is no sham in this. It is the simple fact." In the very next sentence he says, "But no board in the country could be got together who, under the circumstances, would think it right to employ teachers who would be offensive to Dr. M'Sweeny." That is to say, the Board has not an independent choice of teachers for these schools, but must in selecting consult the wishes of an outside party. How can the schools, in such circumstances, be under the control of the board? This admission of "Philo-Jesuit" shows that the M'Sweeny scheme is disingenuous, and can not be carried out without making the public schools what the law forbids them to be.

The International Committee of Young Men's Christian Associations have designated the second week of November as a week of prayer for the young men of this country and the work of the Christian Associations. Topics for consideration, one for each day, have been announced.

The State Missionary Convention of the Baptists of New York was opened at Binghamton October 23. The treasurer reported that $13,683 had been expended during the year in aid of weak churches; there is now due to missionaries the sum of $850. The number of Baptist Sunday-school scholars in the State is 93,847—a gain for the year of 1828. The number of communicants in the State is 114,183—an increase for the year of 2133.

The school election in New Haven having been carried in favor of the restoration of religious services, the problem of providing a satisfactory form of worship has demanded consideration. Conferences have been held by Drs. Woolsey, Bacon, Harwood, John E. Todd, and Fathers Murphy and Fitzpatrick. The plan proposed is: "Where less than thirty per cent. of the pupils are Roman Catholics, only one form of worship shall be used, viz., the Protestant. This includes alternate selections from the Old and the New Testament, the Lord's Prayer, and the singing of a hymn. The Scripture selections include some Psalms, the Sermon on the Mount, a few parables," etc. If more than thirty per cent. of the children are Catholics, and their parents desire for them separate worship, the privilege of such worship shall be given in a room apart, and under the direction of a teacher or scholar of their own faith. It remains to be seen how this compromise, if adopted, will work.

The Convention of Methodist Local Preachers, which opened in Trenton, New Jersey, October 26, closed on the evening of the 29th. The historical papers announced were read. Much of the last day was spent in discussing the best means of increasing the efficiency of local preachers. Cambridge, New York, where Philip Embury, the first Methodist preacher in America, is buried, was selected as the place of the next Convention.

By the old laws of Norway confirmation in the state Church was required under severe penalties. Great efforts have, however, been made of late years to secure their relaxation. It is now announced that the Storthing "has passed a bill granting religious liberty to all but government officials, ministers, and judges."

Cardinal Paul Cullen, Archbishop of Dublin, died October 24, having reached the seventy-fifth year of his age. He will be remembered as one of the most thorough-going of the promoters of the ultramontane revival of our century. He was born in the County Carlow, Ireland, April 27, 1803, and was educated at the College of the Propaganda in Rome. After graduating he was appointed Professor of Hebrew. In the revolution of 1848 he displayed great skill in the defense of the papal property, and succeeded in placing the Roman College and the Propaganda under the protection of the American flag. In 1850 he was made Archbishop of Armagh, and in 1852 Archbishop of Dublin.

As an ecclesiastical administrator in Ireland Cardinal Cullen distinguished himself by his long and bitter opposition to the mixed or national system of education. He made the separate education of Catholics a cause to which he devoted all his energies. The foundation of the Catholic University of Dublin was laid by him. In the Vatican Council Cardinal Cullen promoted the passage of the decree declaring the Pope infallible.

The 112th anniversary of the John Street Methodist Episcopal Church was duly celebrated on Sunday, October 27. Great crowds attended. A sermon, social meeting with addresses, and a service of song filled up the day.

Bishop Rosecrans, brother of General Rosecrans, and head of the Roman Catholic diocese of Columbus, Ohio, died suddenly in that city October 23. His death took place the day following the dedication of St. Joseph's Cathedral; the vicar-general of the diocese also died within a few days of the bishop.

The fortunes of the Howard University, for freedmen, in Washington, are an illustration of the American unwillingness "to make haste slowly." The attempt was made by its projectors to organize a college, law, medical, and theological schools, a grammar school, a normal school, and a model school for children—all without a permanent endowment. Money was given, however; the Freedmen's Bureau purchased lands and erected buildings; the Hon. David Clark, of Hartford, bestowed $25,000 in cash, and as long as the "flush times" lasted sales of building lots supplied funds. In time the Bureau was abolished, the panic made land unsalable, and before long the university was $100,000 in debt. The youth for whose benefit it is intended are very poor, and can only in very limited numbers attend.

Still its friends, and notably the American Missionary Association, have held on their way hopefully, and with good result. According to the statements of President Patton, the debt is nearly extinguished; there are five buildings paid for, which have cost $500,000; ample grounds, and thirty acres of disposable land. As many as 225 students attended in all the schools last year. The Theological Department is supported by the American Missionary Association and the Presbytery of Washington; the teachers in it represent four denominations and the students seven. The Medical School has among its professors the physicians of the United States Freedmen's Hospital of Washington. A bill is before Congress which provides for the free education of two colored students from each State, to be selected by the State Superintendent of Education. This is a grand Christian work. But when shall we in our country outgrow the habit of founding schools of learning by putting up great masses of buildings—mostly eye-sores? The true foundation of a university is an endowment, not a pile of brick and stone.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The recent burglary by which the Manhattan Savings Institution in this city was robbed of nearly three millions of dollars in money and securities will certainly impress upon all bank officers the necessity of sensible precautions against similar disasters. It appears, in brief, that on Sunday morning, in the interval between the departure of the night-watchman and the stirring of any other occupants of the large six-story building in which the bank is located, six or eight masked burglars commenced the work of robbery. According to the story of the janitor, he and his wife were seized, handcuffed, and the keys of the bank demanded, a loaded pistol enforcing the request. Then the burglars demanded the combination of the vault, they evidently knowing that the janitor had this important secret in his possession. And having obtained this by threats of death, it was easy to rifle the safe of its contents. This was done in the stillness of Sunday morning, and nothing unusual was seen or heard by any officer, passer-by, or occupant of the building outside of the janitor's family, until, between nine and ten o'clock, the handcuffed man rushed into a barber's shop beneath the bank. It is a matter of universal surprise that the janitor of the Manhattan Savings Institution should have been intrusted with the combination opening its great vault. In most banks various precautions are taken to guard against the possibility of the secret of the combination becoming known to burglars. In some the combination is held by several officers, each of whom holds only one number; the doors of vaults are often connected with the Police Department by a burglar-alarm telegraph; night-watchmen are not allowed to leave, in some cases, until the arrival of the officers of the bank in the morning; a combination lock which can not be opened until a certain hour is another precaution. The perpetrators of this recent burglary had doubtless most adroitly been planning their deed for a long time, and knew from observation that the janitor had the secret they wanted, and also knew at what hours the bank was least protected.

The violent storm and gale of October 23, which caused so many wrecks along the Atlantic coast, and such destruction of buildings on land, was duly announced by the United States Signal Service Bureau. But there are but few precautions which can be taken, at the time, to protect buildings against a violent gale: tall steeples and insecure roofs must suffer.

Foreign newspapers state that forty thousand Lombard peasants have been attacked by a singular malady, which, beginning with the skin, impairs the digestion and nervous system, and finally becomes fatal. It is produced by the habitual consumption of flour made from damaged maize, by overwork, and unwholesome dwellings.

The conductor who was charged with having caused the recent accident at Wollaston, on the Old Colony Railroad, has been adjudged guilty of manslaughter. Other employés of the road were severely censured.

Tomatoes are now shipped from this country to London wrapped in tissue-paper like oranges. They are picked when perfectly green.

At a public entertainment given in the Academy of Music by the Delta Kappa Epsilon college fraternity, at the close of their thirty-second annual Convention, Professor Alexander Winchell, of Syracuse University, delivered an address on "Modernized Education." A large and appreciative audience responded to the sentiments expressed by frequent bursts of hearty applause. A fundamental principle stated was this: "That education is the most valuable which best qualifies a man to aid in the world's progress." The whole address is worthy of the most careful perusal, but we give only a brief extract for the benefit of those who have young boys to educate:

"How many devices have the schools to shut out knowledge from a boy's mind! At the age when every active power is ready to spring forth and seize the living truth, we try to satisfy him with syntax and a list of names from Siberia.... When a boy is aching to take a locomotive to pieces, we set him to dissecting a verb. Let him gratify his curiosity; let him entertain himself with chemical reagents; give him means to make a telephone or a steam-engine; allow him to drive nails and a jack-plane; give him a microscope and a geological hammer. With these things he will unite hand-work with head-work in a most fruitful alliance, and when he becomes a man he may be either a mechanically expert scholar or a scholarly mechanic. As a scholar he will understand affairs, and possess the common-sense which will turn every situation to account. As a mechanic he will understand his business, and make a 'boss' who may be trusted without misgiving."

The French crown jewels at the Paris Exhibition were distributed into eight cases. The first contained the seven Mazarin diamonds purchased by the celebrated cardinal; the second, a diadem in pearls and brilliants, of which a single pearl alone is valued at 500,000 francs; the third, regal ornaments in turquoises and brilliants; the fourth, ornaments in sapphires and brilliants; the fifth, pearl necklace, ear-rings, etc.; the sixth, ornaments in brilliants and rubies; the seventh, diamond stars and other insignia received by Napoleon III. from different sovereigns (conspicuous among them all being the order of the Elephant of Siam), a diamond sword handle executed for Charles X., and a watch studded with diamonds, originally designed for the Dey of Algiers; the eighth and last case contained several magnificent parures in brilliants, one of which can be transformed into a necklace.

We clip from the New York *Daily Graphic* the following appreciative notice:

"The rapidity with which 'Harper's Library of American Fiction' has reached its present proportions sufficiently indicates its popularity. The character and tone of the works issued under this title are in accordance with the increasing interest with which the reading public regard human thought, feeling, and activity. Works of fiction have now become a great social factor, and exert an influence far greater than is generally recognized. The modern novel affords a more truthful and comprehensive exposition of human nature in its variety and complexity than the most profound philosophical treatise of a few generations ago. These remarks are justified by the perusal of the latest additions made to this well-selected 'library,' entitled *Cousin Polly's Gold Mine*, by Mrs. A. E. Porter, and *Like unto Like*, by Sherwood Bonner. Both of these works are deserving of attention by the reading public. They are well conceived in plot and excellent in narration. The characters are drawn with vigor and skill, and the moral tone pure, healthy, and invigorating, and the mechanical make-up and material are such as to render them neat and attractive."

Twenty-one early poems of Longfellow's, most of which were rejected by the author from his published works, have appeared in a small volume in London. Seventeen of the poems were printed originally in the *United States Literary Gazette*, when the author was eighteen and nineteen years of age.

At the Wollaston disaster, on the Old Colony road, it appears that a passenger train from Boston was due at the place in a few minutes after the accident, and would have run into the wreck if not signaled. Fireman Stickney, of one of the wrecked engines, thought of this, and notwithstanding one of his arms was broken, he managed to secure his lantern, ran up the track, and stopped the coming train.

French journals state that M. Gambetta is about to be married to a widow with a fortune of $8,000,000.

A passenger on a New England train was enthusiastically discoursing upon the beauties and grandeurs of Switzerland, a country he had recently visited, when a fellow-passenger asked:

"Is its scenery so *very* much superior to that of our own Granite State, our American Switzerland?"

"I can not say, never having visited the White Mountains," was the reply.

A new industry has been, or rather is about to be, introduced into this country by a company organized in New Jersey. This is the weaving of linen towels, table-cloths, napkins, and similar goods, with exquisite colored borders. This kind of goods is now imported, chiefly from England.

Harvard is likely to have one of the finest gymnasiums in the country, the gift of Mr. Augustus Hemenway, a recent graduate. The walls of the building are now rapidly rising. The whole structure, with its appointments, will cost about $100,000.

Those of our readers who are accustomed to be surrounded by books, magazines, and newspapers, whose libraries are overflowing, and upon whose tables lie the last new novels, and the freshest periodicals, can scarcely imagine what it is to be almost utterly deprived of reading matter. Yet such is the condition of hundreds among us, and others isolated from the world, who know how to read, and would gladly avail themselves of any means within their power of thus spending some of their time. The men stationed at the life-saving stations along our coasts and in the signal-service stations on mountain peaks are very much isolated from companionship. Reading matter sent to them would be charity of the best kind. The long dreary winter evenings, when some of them are off duty, would be wonderfully brightened by a supply of entertaining books, magazines, and illustrated newspapers. Any thing of this kind which our readers can spare will surely be appreciated if sent to Captain Howgate, United States Signal Office, Washington, D. C.; or to Superintendent S. Q. Kimball, Life-saving Service, Treasury Department, Washington, D. C.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A young lady called at one of our music stores the other day and asked for something new in piano music. The clerk asked her if it made any difference how many sharps there were in the piece. "Oh, no," she replied, "not in the least, for if there are more than two I always scratch them out with my penknife."

A facetious brakeman on the Central Pacific Railroad cried out, as the train was about entering a tunnel, "This is one mile long, and the train will be four minutes passing through it." The train dashed through into daylight again in four seconds, and the scene in the car was a study for a painter.

A physician, finding a lady reading *Twelfth Night*, said, "When Shakspeare wrote about Patience on a monument, did he mean doctors' patients?" "No," she answered; "you don't find them on monuments, but under them."

He jumped on board the railroad train,
And cried, "Farewell, Lucinda Jane,
My precious, sweet Lucinda!"
Alas! how soon he changed his cry,
And, while the tear stood in his eye,
He said, "Confound loose cinder!"

Visitor (*from the country, at the door of an up-town residence, to a German next door*). "Jane not at home, did you say?"

German. "Nein, Chane's nod at home."

Visitor. "Where is she?"

German. "She's gone der cemetery down."

Visitor. "When will she come back?"

German. "Oh, she von't come back already any more; she's gone to stay; she's det."

He was getting a certificate from the clerk, and in reply to the usual question, "First or second marriage?" he said: "It's my second marriage, I'm sorry to say; but my first wife requested me to marry again, and I'm going to do it."

"The worst dose of 'hop bitters' I ever had," said a young man, "was the other night when I took a girl to a hop, and some other fellow danced with her every set."

"I move the previous question," said a delegate to a Montana convention.

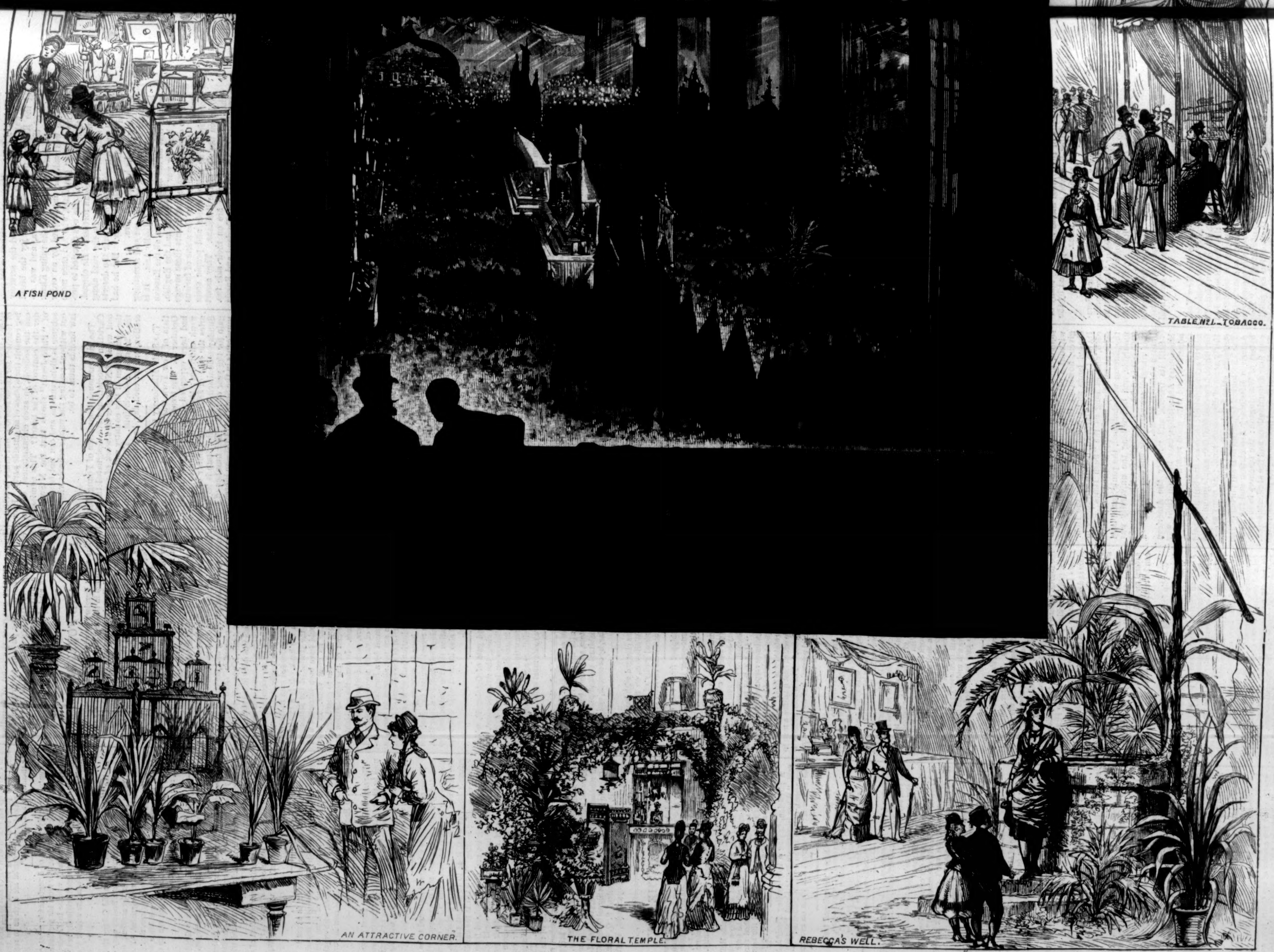
The Chairman. "If the chair recollects right, the question was on adjourning for drinks. Those in favor, say yes; contrary-minded, no."

The chair was about to announce the unanimous result, when he noticed the room was empty.

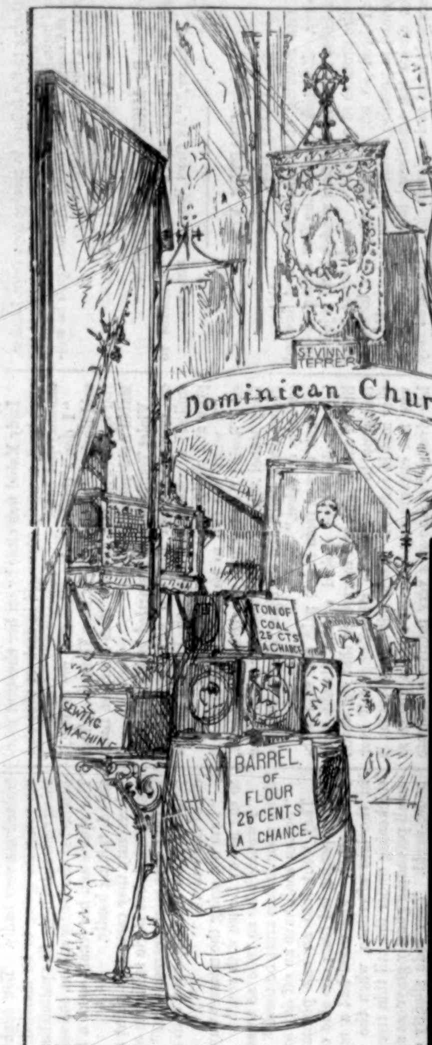
"Do you mean to say positively, madam," said a lawyer to a witness, "that the person referred to never left his native village after the day of his marriage?" "I do." "How do you know he never did?" "Because I saw him buried in the village grave-yard the same afternoon."

An English lady of high rank and exquisite taste, having read an advertisement of a London silversmith, in which it was stated that by the electroplating process waiters and other articles might be plated so that by no possible test could they be distinguished from real silver, sent her three footmen and page to be electroplated by the advertiser.

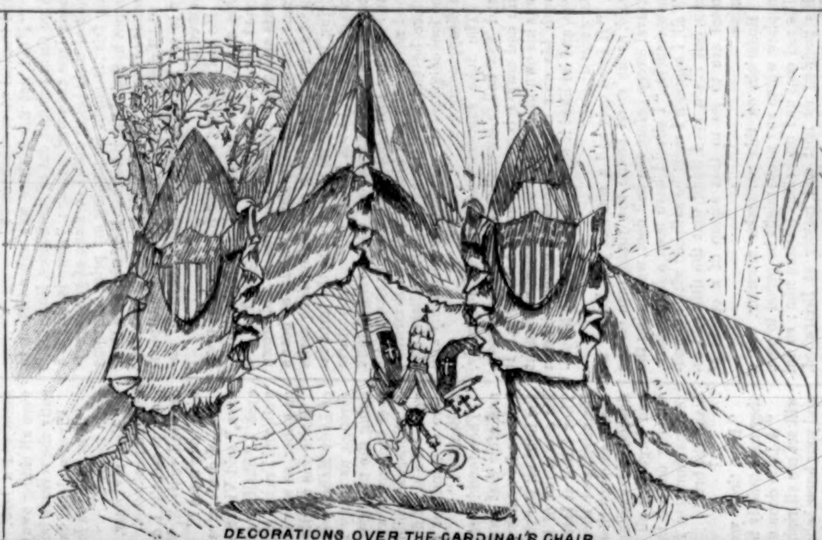
A Witness upon a Liquor Trial.—"How do you know it was brandy?" asked the lawyer. "Well," replied the ready witness, "I smelled of it first, and then I welcomed about a glass of it." The unexpected verb wholly upset the gravity of the Court, jury, and miscellaneous people; and they were not at all assisted in recovering their equanimity by his further testimony that the man who bought the brandy drank of it himself "till he was quite salubrious."


A FISH POND
TABLE NO. 1—TOBACCO.
AN ATTRACTIVE CORNER.
THE FLORAL TEMPLE.
REBECCA'S WELL.

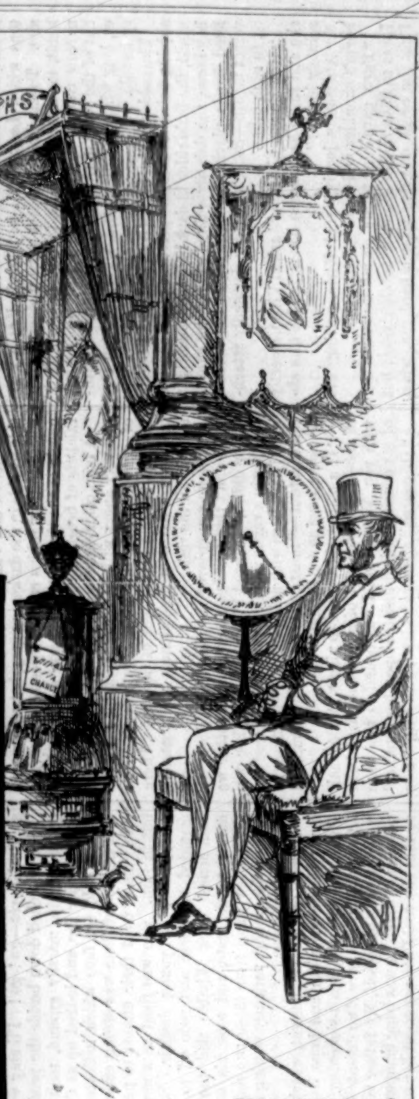
THE FAIR AT ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL, NEW YORK.—From Photographs by Pach, and Sketches by our Artists.—[See Page 918.]


Dominican Church
TON OF COAL 25 CTS A CHANCE
SEWING MACHIN
BARREL OF FLOUR 25 CENTS A CHANCE.

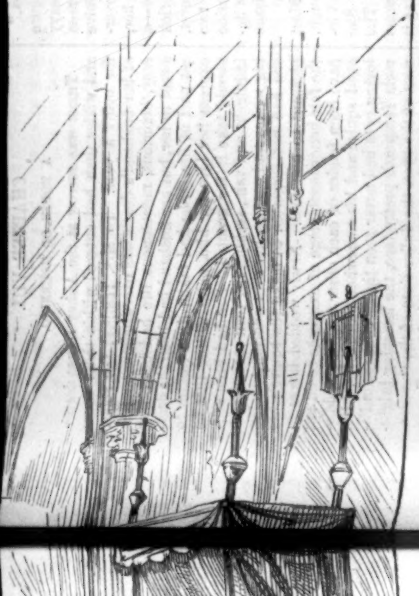
USEFUL AS WELL AS ORNAMENTAL.



DECORATIONS OVER THE CARDINAL'S CHAIR.



TRY YOUR WEIGHT?



[Owing to the failure to receive copy from London, we were obliged to go to press last week without the usual installment of "Vixen." The publishers believe that the readers of the *Weekly* will not again be subjected to a like disappointment.]

VIXEN.

By MISS M. E. BRADDON.

Author of "Dead Men's Shoes," "Hostages to Fortune," "An Open Verdict," etc., etc.

CHAPTER VII.

VIXEN'S FIRST SORROW.

The morning of the Briarwood Meet dawned fairly. Roderick watched the first lifting of the darkness from his bedroom window, and rejoiced in the promise of a fine day. The heavens, which had been so unpropitious upon his birthday, seemed to promise better things to-day. He did not desire the traditional hunting morning—a southerly wind and a cloudy sky. He cared very little about the scent lying well, or the actual result of the day's sport. He wanted rather to see the kind familiar faces round him, the autumn sunshine lighting up all the glow and color of the picture, the red coats, the rich bay and brown of the horses, the verdant background of lawn and shrubberies. Two huge marquees had been erected for the commonalty—one for the school-children, the other for the villagers. There were long tables in the billiard-room for the farming class, and for the quality there was the horse-shoe table in the dining-room, as at Roderick's birthday dinner. But on this occasion the table was decorated only with hardy ferns and flowers. The orchids were not allowed to appear.

Roderick noticed the omission.

"Why, where are the thing-um-tites, mother?" he asked, with some surprise; "the pitcher-plants and tropical what's-its-names?"

"I did not think there was any occasion to have them brought out of the houses, Roderick," Lady Jane answered, quietly; "there is always a risk of their being killed, or some of your sporting friends might be picking my prize blossoms to put in their button-holes. Men who give their minds to horses would hardly appreciate orchids."

"All right, mother. As long as there is plenty to eat, I don't suppose it much matters," answered Rorie.

He had certainly no cause for complaint upon this score. Briarwood had been amply provisioned for an unlimited hospitality. The red coats and green coats and blue coats and brown coats came in and out, slashed away at boar's head and truffled turkey, sent Champagne corks flying, and added more dead men to the formidable corps of tall hock bottles, dressed in uniform brown, which the astonished butler ranged rank and file in a lobby outside the dining-room. He had never seen this kind of thing at Briarwood since he had kept the keys of the cellars, and he looked upon this promiscuous hospitality with a disapproving eye.

The duke supported his nephew admirably, and was hail-fellow-well-met with every body. He had always been popular at Ashbourne. It was his own place, his particular selection, bought with his own money, improved under his own eye, and he liked it better than any of his hereditary seats.

"If I had only had a son like you, Rorie," he said, as he stood beside the young man on the gravel sweep before the hall door, welcoming the new-comers, "I should have been a happy man. Well, I suppose I must be satisfied with a grandson, but it's a hard thing that the title and estates are to go to that scamp of a cousin of mine."

Roderick, on this particular morning, was a nephew whom any uncle might be proud to own. His red coat and buckskins became him; so did his position as host and master at Briarwood. His tall, erect figure showed to advantage amidst the crowd. His smile lit up the dark sunburned face like sunshine. He had a kind word, a friendly hand-clasp, for every body—even for gaffers and goodies who had hobbled from their village shanties to see the sport, and to get their share of cold sirloin and old October. He took the feeble old creatures into the tent, and saw that they got a place at the board.

Squire Tempest and his daughter were among the later arrivals. The meet was to be at one, and they only rode into the grounds at half past twelve, when every one else had breakfasted. Mrs. Tempest had not come. The entertainment was much too early for a lady who never left her rooms till after noon.

Vixen looked lovely in her smart little habit. It was not the Lincoln-green with the brass buttons which Lady Mabel had laughed at a year ago. To-day Miss Tempest wore a dark brown habit, moulded to the full erect figure, with a narrow rim of white at the throat, a little felt hat of the same dark brown, with a brown feather, long white gauntlets, and a whip with an ivory handle.

The golden bay's shining coat matched Violet's shining hair. It was the prettiest picture in the world, the little rider in dark brown on the bright bay horse, the daintily quilted saddle, the gauntleted hands playing so lightly with the horse's velvet mouth—horse and rider devotedly attached to each other.

"How do you like him?" asked Vixen, directly she and Rorie had shaken hands. "Isn't he absolutely lovely?"

"Absolutely lovely," said Rorie, patting the horse's shoulder and looking at the rider.

"Papa gave him to me on my last birthday. I was to have ridden Titmouse another year; but I got the brush one day after a hard run, when almost every body else was left behind, and papa said I should have a horse. Poor Titmouse is put into a basket-chaise. Isn't it sad for him?"

"Awfully humiliating."

Lady Mabel was close by on her chestnut thorough-bred, severely costumed in darkest blue and chimney-pot hat.

"I don't think you've ever met my cousin," said Rorie. "Mabel, this is Miss Tempest, whom you've heard me talk about. Miss Tempest, Lady Mabel Ashbourne."

Violet Tempest gave a startled look and blushed crimson. Then the two girls bowed and smiled: a constrained smile on Vixen's part, a prim and chilly smile from Lady Mabel.

"I want you two to be awful good friends," said Rorie; "and when you come out, Vixen, Lady Mabel will take you under her wing. She knows every body, and the right thing to be done on every occasion."

Vixen turned from red to pale, and said nothing. Lady Mabel looked at the distant blue line of the Wight, and murmured that she would be happy to be of use to Miss Tempest if ever they met in London. Rorie felt somehow that it was not encouraging. Vixen stole a glance at her rival. Yes, she was very pretty—a delicate patrician beauty that Vixen had never seen before. No wonder Rorie was in love with her. Where else could he have seen any thing so exquisite? It was the most natural thing in the world that these cousins should be fond of each other and engaged to be married. Vixen wondered that the thing had never occurred to her as inevitable—that it should have come upon her as a blow at the last.

"I think Rorie ought to have told me," she said to herself. "He is like my brother, and a brother would not hide his love affairs from his sister. It was rather mean of Rorie."

The business of the day began presently. Neither Vixen nor the squire dismounted. They had breakfasted at home; and Vixen, who did not care much for Lady Jane Vawdrey, was glad to escape with no further communication than a smile and a bow. At a quarter past one they were all riding away toward the forest, and presently the serious business began.

Vixen and her father were riding side by side.

"How pale you look, papa! Is your head bad again to-day?"

"Yes, my dear. I'm afraid I've started a chronic headache. But the fresh air will blow it away presently, I dare say. You're not looking overwell yourself, Vixen. What have you done with your roses?"

"I—I don't care much about hunting to-day, papa," said Violet, sudden tears rushing into her eyes. "Shall we go home together? You're not well, and I'm not enjoying myself. Nobody wants us either, so why should we stay?"

Rorie was a little way behind them, taking care of Lady Mabel, whose slim-legged chestnut went through as many manœuvres as if he had been doing the manége business in a circus, and got over the ground very slowly.

"Nonsense, child! Go back! I should think not! We shall find down in Dingley Bottom, I dare say, and get a capital run across the hills to Beaulieu."

They found just as the squire had anticipated, and after that there was a hard run for the next hour and a quarter. Roderick was at the heel of the hunt all the time, opening gates and keeping his cousin out of bogs and dangers of all kinds. They killed at last on a wild bit of common near Beaulieu, and there were only a few in at the death, amongst them Vixen on her fast young bay, flushed with excitement and triumph by this time, and forgetting all her troubles in the delight of winning one of the pads. Mrs. Millington, the famous huntress from the shires, was there to claim the brush.

"How tired you look, papa!" said Vixen, as they rode quietly homeward.

"A little done up, my dear, but a good dinner will set me all right again. It was a capital run, and your horse behaved beautifully. I don't think I made a bad choice for you. Rorie and his cousin were miles behind, I dare say. Pretty girl, and sits her horse like a picture, but she can't ride. We shall meet them going home, perhaps."

A mile or two farther on they met Roderick alone. His cousin had gone home with her father.

"It was rather a bore losing the run," he said, as he turned his horse's head and rode by Vixen; "but I was obliged to take care of my cousin."

One of the squire's tenants, a seventeen-stone farmer, on a stout gray cob, overtook them presently, and Mr. Tempest rode on by his side, talking agricultural talk about overfed beasts and cattle shows—the last popular form of cruelty to animals.

Roderick and Violet were alone, riding slowly side by side in the darkening gray, between woods where solitary robins carolled sweetly, or the rare gurgle of the thrush sounded now and then from thickets of beech and holly.

A faint color came back to Vixen's cheek. She was very angry with her playfellow for his want of confidence, for his unfriendly reserve. Yet this was the one happy hour of her day. There had been a flavor of desolateness and abandonment in all the rest.

"I hope you enjoyed the run?" said Rorie.

"I don't think you can care much whether we did or didn't," retorted Vixen, shrouding her personality in a vague plural. "If you had cared you would have been with us. Sultan"—meaning the tall chestnut—"must have felt cruelly humiliated by being kept so far behind."

"If a man could be in two places at once, half of me—the better half of me—would have been with you, Vixen; but I was bound to take care of my cousin. I had insisted upon her coming."

"Of course," answered Vixen, with a little toss of her head; "it would have been quite wrong if she had been absent."

They rode on in silence for a little while after this. Vixen was longing to say, "Rorie, you have treated me very badly. You ought to have told me you were going to be married." But something restrained her. She patted her horse's neck, listened to the lonely robins, and said not a word. The squire and his tenant were a hundred yards ahead, talking loudly.

Presently they came to a point at which their roads parted, but Rorie still rode on by Vixen.

"Isn't that your nearest way?" asked Vixen, pointing down the cross-road with the ivory handle of her whip.

"I am not going the nearest way. I am going to the Abbey House with you."

"I wouldn't be so rude as to say don't, but I think poor Sultan must be tired."

"Sultan shall have an off day to-morrow."

They went into an oak plantation, where a broad opening led from one side of an inclosure to the other. The wood had a mysterious look in the late afternoon, when the shadows were thickening under the tall thin trees. There was an all-pervading ghostly grayness as in a shadowy under-world. They rode silently over the thick wet carpet of fallen leaves, the horses starting a little now and then at the aspect of a newly barked trunk lying white across the track. They were silent, having, in sooth, very little to say to each other just at this time. Vixen was nursing her wrathful feelings; Rorie felt that his future was confused and obscure. He ought to do something with his life, perhaps, as his mother had so warmly urged. But his soul was stirred by no ambitious promptings.

They were within two hundred yards of the gate at the end of the inclosure, when Vixen gave a sudden cry.

"Did papa's horse slip?" she asked. "Look how he sways in his saddle?"

Another instant, and the squire reeled forward, and fell head-foremost across his horse's shoulder. The fall was so sudden and so heavy that the horse fell with him, and then scrambled up on to his feet again affrighted, swung himself round, and rushed past Roderick and Vixen along the splashing track.

Vixen was off her horse in a moment, and had flown to her father's side. He lay like a log, face downward upon the soddened leaves just inside the gate. The farmer had dismounted and was stooping over him, bridle in hand, with a frightened face.

"Oh, what is it?" cried Violet, frantically. "Did the horse throw him?—Bullfinch, his favorite horse. Is he much hurt? Oh, help me to lift him up—help me—help me!"

Rorie was by her side by this time, kneeling down with her beside the prostrate squire, trying to raise the heavy figure which lay like lead across his arm.

"It wasn't the horse, miss," said the farmer. "I'm afraid it's a seizure."

"A fit!" cried Vixen. "Oh, papa! papa!—darling—darling—"

She was sobbing, clinging to him, trembling like a leaf, and turning a white, stricken face up toward Roderick.

"Do something to help him—for God's sake, do something," she cried. "You won't let him lie there and die for want of help? Some brandy—something!" she gasped, stretching out her trembling hand.

The farmer had anticipated her thought. He had taken his flask from the saddle pocket, and was kneeling down by the squire. Roderick had lifted the heavy head, and turned the ghastly face to the waning light. He tried to force a little brandy between the livid lips, but vainly.

"For God's sake, get her away!" he whispered to John Wimble, the farmer. "It's all over with him."

"Come away with me, my dear Miss Tempest," said Wimble, trying to raise Violet from her knees beside the squire. She was gazing into that awful face distractedly, half divining its solemn meaning, yet watching for the kind eyes to open and look at her again. "Come away with me, and we will get a doctor. Mr. Vawdrey will take care of your father."

"You go for the doctor," she answered, firmly. "I'll stay with papa. Take my horse; he's faster than yours. Oh, he'll carry you well enough. You don't know how strong he is. Go, quick—quick—Dr. Martin, at Lyndhurst—it's a long way, but you must get him. Papa will recover, and be able to ride home, perhaps, before you can get back to us, but go! go!"

"You go for the doctor, miss; your horse will carry you fast enough. He'd never carry such a heavy weight as me, and my cob is dead beat. You go, and Mr. Vawdrey will go with you. I'll take care of the squire."

Violet looked from one to the other helplessly.

"I'd rather stay with papa," she said. "You go, Rorie—yes—go! go! I'll stay with papa."

She crouched down beside the prostrate figure on the damp, marshy ground, took the heavy head on her lap, and looked up at the two men with a pale, set face which indicated a resolve that neither of them was strong enough to overrule. They tried their utmost to persuade her, but in vain. She was fixed as a new Niobe—a stony image of young despair. So Roderick mounted his horse and rode off to Lyndhurst, and honest Jack Wimble tied the other two horses to the gate, and took his stand beside them a few paces from those two motionless figures on the ground, patiently waiting for the issue of this bitter hour.

It was one of the longest, weariest, saddest hours that ever youth and hope lived through. There was an awful heart-sickening fear in Violet's mind, but she gave it no definite shape. She would not say to herself, My father is dead. The position in which he was lying hampered her arms so that she could not reach out her hand to lay it upon his heart. She bent her face down to his lips.

Oh God! not a flutter stirred upon her soft cheek as she laid it against the open mouth. The lower jaw had fallen in an awful-looking way; but Violet had seen her father look like that sometimes as he slept, with open mouth, before the hall fire. It might be only a long swoon, a suspension of consciousness. Dr. Martin would come presently—oh, how long, how long, the time seemed!—and make all things right.

The crescent moon shone silver pale above that gray wood. The barked trunks gleamed white and phantom-like in the gathering dark. Owls began to hoot in the distance, frogs were awaking near at hand, belated rabbits flitted ghost-like across the track. All nature seemed of one gray or shadowy hue—silvery where the moonbeams fell.

The October air was chill and penetrating. There was a dull aching in Violet's limbs from the weight of her burden, but she was hardly conscious of physical pain. It seemed to her that she had been sitting there for hours waiting for the doctor's help. She thought the night must have nearly worn itself out.

"Dr. Martin could not have been at home," she said, speaking for the first time since Roderick rode away; "Mr. Vawdrey would fetch some one else surely."

"My dear young lady, he hasn't had time to ride to Lyndhurst yet."

"Not yet?" cried Vixen, despairingly—"not yet? And it has been so long. Papa is getting so cold. The chill will be so bad for him."

"Worse for you, miss. I do wish you'd let me take you home."

"And leave papa here—alone—unconscious! How can you be so cruel as to think of such a thing?"

"Dear Miss Tempest, we're not doing him any good, and you may be getting a chill that will be nigh your death. If you would only go home to your mamma, now—it's hard upon her not to know—she'll be fretting about you, I dare say."

"Don't waste your breath talking to me," cried Vixen, indignantly; "I shall not leave this spot till papa goes with me."

They waited for another quarter of an hour in dismal silence. The horses gnawed the lower branches of the trees, and gave occasional evidence of their impatience. Bullfinch had gone home to his stable, no doubt. They were only about a mile and a half from the Abbey House.

Hark! what was that? The splish-splash of horses' hoofs on the soft turf. Another minute, and Rorie rode up to the gate with a stranger.

"I was lucky enough to meet this gentleman," he said—"a doctor from Southampton, who was at the hunt to-day. Violet dear, will you let me take you home now, and leave the doctor and Mr. Wimble with your father?"

"No," answered Vixen, decisively.

The strange doctor knelt down and looked at his patient. He was a middle-aged man, grave-looking, with iron-gray hair—a man who impressed Vixen with a sense of power and authority. She looked at him silently, with a despairing, appealing look that thrilled him, used as he was to such looks. He made his examination quietly, saying not a word, and keeping his face hidden. Then he turned to the two men who were standing close by, watching him anxiously. "You must get some kind of litter to carry him home," he whispered.

And then with gentle firmness, with strong irresistible hands, he separated the living from the dead, lifted Violet from the ground, and led her to her horse.

"You must let Mr. Vawdrey take you home, my dear young lady," he said. "You can do nothing here."

"But you—you can do something," sobbed Violet; "you will bring him back to life—you—"

"I will do all that can be done," answered the doctor, gently.

His tone told her more than his words. She gave one wild shriek, and threw herself down beside her dead father. A cloud came over the distracted brain, and she lay there senseless. The doctor and Rorie lifted her up and carried her to the gate, where her horse was waiting. The doctor forced a little brandy through the locked lips, and between them Rorie and he placed her in the saddle. She had just consciousness enough by this time to hold the reins mechanically and to sit upright on her horse; and thus led by Roderick she rode slowly back to the home that was never any more to be the same home that she had known and lived in through the joyous sixteen years of her life. All things were to be different to her henceforward. The joy of life was broken short off, like a flower snapped from its stem.

CHAPTER VIII.

A HOUSE OF MOURNING.

There was sorrow at the Abbey House deeper and wilder than had entered within those doors for many a year. To Mrs. Tempest the shock of her husband's death was overwhelming. Her easy, luxurious, monotonous life had been very sweet to her, but her husband had been the dearest part of life. She had taken little trouble to express her love for him, quite willing that he should take it for granted. She had been self-indulgent and vain, seeking her own ease, spending money and care on her own adornment; but she had not forgotten to make the squire's life pleasant to him also. Newly wedded lovers in the fair honey-moon stage of existence could not have been fonder of each other than the middle-aged squire and his somewhat faded wife. His loving eyes had never seen time's changes in Pamela Tempest's pretty face, the lessening brightness of the eyes, the duller tints of the complexion, the loss of youth's glow and glory. To him she had always appeared the most beautiful woman in the world.

And now the fondly indulged wife could do nothing but lie on her sofa and shed a rain of incessant tears, and drink strong tea, which had lost its power to comfort or exhilarate. She would see no one. She could not even be roused to interest herself in her mourning, though, with a handsome widow, Pauline thought that ought to be all-important.

"There are so many styles of widows' caps now, ma'am. You really ought to see them, and choose for yourself," urged Pauline—an honest young Englishwoman, who had begun life as Polly, but whom Mrs. Tempest had elevated into Pauline.

"What does it matter, Pauline? Take any thing you like. *He* will not be there to see."

Here the ready tears flowed afresh. That was the bitterest of all. That she should look nice in her mourning, and Edward not be there to praise her! In her feebleness she could not imagine life without him. She would hear his step at her door surely, his manly voice in the corridor. She would awake from this awful dream, in which he was not, and find him, and fall into his arms, and sob out her grief upon his breast, and tell him all she had suffered.

That was the dominant feeling in this weak soul. He could not be gone.

Yet the truth came back upon her in hideous distinctness every now and then—came back suddenly and awfully, like the swift revelation of a desolate, plague-stricken scene under a lightning flash. He was gone. He was lying in his coffin in the dear old Tudor hall where they had sat so cozily. Those dismal reiterated strokes of the funeral bell meant that his burial was at hand. They were moving the coffin already, perhaps. His place knew him no more.

She tottered to the darkened window, lifted the edge of the blind, and looked out. The funeral train was moving slowly along the carriage sweep, through the winding shrubberied road. How long and black and solemnly splendid the procession looked! Every body had loved and respected him. It was a grand funeral. The thought of this general homage gave a faint thrill of comfort to the widow's heart.

"My noble husband," she ejaculated, "who could help loving you?"

It seemed to her only a little while ago that she had driven up to the Tudor porch for the first time after her happy honey-moon, when she was in the bloom of youth and beauty, and life was like a school-girl's happy dream.

"How short life is!" she sobbed; "how cruelly short for those who are happy!"

With Violet grief was no less passionate; but it did not find its sole vent in tears. The stronger soul was in rebellion against Providence. She kept aloof from her mother in this time of sorrow. What could they say to each other? They could only cry together. Violet shut herself in her room and refused to see any one except patient Miss M'Croke, who was always bringing her cups of tea or basins of arrowroot, trying to coax her to take some kind of nourishment, dabbing her hot forehead with eau-de-Cologne; doing all those fussy little kindnesses which are so acutely aggravating in a great sorrow.

"Let me lie on the ground, alone, and think of him and wail for him."

That is what Violet Tempest would have said if she could have expressed her desire clearly.

Roderick Vawdrey went back to the Abbey House after the funeral, and contrived to see Miss M'Croke, who was full of sympathy for every body.

"Do let me see Violet, that's a dear creature," he said. "I can't tell you how unhappy I am about her. I can't get her face out of my thoughts, as I saw it that dreadful night when I led her horse home—the wild, sad eyes, the white lips."

"She is not fit to see any one," said Miss M'Croke; "but perhaps it might rouse her a little to see you."

Miss M'Croke had an idea that all mourners ought to be roused; that much indulgence in grief for the dead was reprehensible.

"Yes," answered Rorie, eagerly; "she would see me, I know. We are like brother and sister."

"Come into the school-room," said the governess, "and I'll see what I can do."

The school-room was Vixen's own particular den, and was not a bit like the popular idea of a school-room.

It was a pretty little room, with a high wooden dado painted pale green, and a high-art paper of amazing ugliness, with brown and red storks on a dull green ground. The high-art paper was enlivened with horsy caricatures by Leech, and a menagerie of pottery animals on various brackets.

A pot or a pan had been stuck into every corner that would hold one. There were desks and boxes and wicker-work baskets of every shape and kind, a dwarf-oak book-case on either side of the fireplace, with the books all at sixes and sevens, leaning against each other as if they were intoxicated. The broad mantel-piece presented a confusion of photographs, cups and saucers, violet jars, and Dresden shepherdesses. Over the quaint old Venetian glass dangled Vixen's first trophy, the fox's brush, tied with a scarlet ribbon. There were no birds, or squirrels, or dormice, for Vixen was too fond of the animal creation to shut her favorites up in cages; but there was a black bear-skin spread in a corner for Argus to lie upon. In the wide low windows there were two banks of bright autumn flowers, pompons and dwarf roses, mignonette and veronica.

Miss M'Croke drew up the blind and stirred the fire.

"I'll go and ask her to come," she said.

"Do, like a dear," said Rorie.

He paced the room while she was gone, full of sadness. He had been very fond of the squire, and that awfully sudden death, an apoplectic seizure, instantaneous as a thunder-bolt, had impressed him very painfully. It was his first experience of the kind, and it was infinitely terrible to him. It seemed to him a long time before Vixen appeared, and then the door opened and a slim black figure came in, a white fixed face looked at him piteously with tearless eyes made big by a great grief. She came leaning on Miss M'Croke, as if she could hardly walk unaided. The face was stranger to him than an altogether unknown face. It was Violet Tempest with all the vivid, joyous life gone out of her, like a lamp that is extinguished.

He took her cold trembling hands and drew her gently to a chair, and sat down beside her.

"I wanted so much to see you, dear," he said, "to tell you how sorry we all are for you—my mother, my aunt and cousin"—Violet gave a faint shiver—"all of us. The duke liked your dear father so much. It was quite a shock to him."

"You are very good," Violet said, mechanically.

She sat by him, pale and still as marble, looking at the ground. His voice and presence impressed her but faintly, like something a long way off. She was thinking of her dead father. She saw nothing but that one awful figure. They had laid him in his grave by this time. The cold cruel earth had fallen upon him and hidden him forever from the light; he was shut away forever from the fair, glad world; he who had been so bright and cheerful, whose presence had carried gladness every where.

"Is the funeral quite over?" she asked, presently, without lifting her heavy eyelids.

"Yes, dear. It was a noble funeral. Every body was there—rich and poor. Every body loved him."

"The poor most of all," she said. "I know how good he was to them."

Somebody knocked at the door and asked something of Miss M'Croke, which obliged the governess to leave her pupil. Roderick [illegible] at her departure. That substantial figure in its new black dress had been a hinderance to freedom of conversation.

Miss M'Croke's absence did not loosen Violet's tongue. She sat looking at the ground, and was dumb. That silent grief was very awful to Roderick.

"Violet, why don't you talk to me about your sorrow?" he said. "Surely you can trust me—your friend—your brother!"

That last word stung her into speech. The dark eyes shot a swift angry glance at him.

"You have no right to call yourself that," she said; "you have not treated me like a sister."

"How not, dear?"

"You should have told me about your engagement—that you were going to marry Lady Mabel Ashbourne."

"Should *I*?" exclaimed Rorie, amazed. "If I had, I should have told you an arrant falsehood. I am not engaged to my cousin Mabel. I am not going to marry her."

"Oh, it doesn't matter in the least whether you are or not," returned Vixen, with a weary air. "Papa is dead, and trifles like that can't affect me now. But I felt it unkind of you at the time I heard it."

"And where and how did you hear this wonderful news, Vixen?" asked Rorie, very pleased to get her thoughts away from her grief, were it only for a minute.

"Mamma told me that every body said you were engaged, and that the fact was quite obvious."

"What every body says, and what is quite obvious, is very seldom true, Violet. You may take that for a first principle in worldly philosophy. I am not engaged to any one. I have no thought of getting married—for the next three years."

Vixen received this information with chilling silence. She would have been very glad to hear it, perhaps, a week ago—at which time she had found it a sore thing to think of her old playfellow as Lady Mabel's affianced husband—but it mattered nothing now. The larger grief had swallowed up all smaller grievances. Roderick Vawdrey had receded into remote distance. He was no one, nothing, in a world that was suddenly emptied of all delight.

"What are you going to do, dear?" asked Roderick, presently. "If you shut yourself up in your room and abandon yourself to grief, you will make yourself very ill. You ought to go away somewhere for a little while."

"Forever!" exclaimed Vixen, passionately. "Do you think I can ever endure this dear home without papa? There is not a thing I look at that doesn't speak to me of him. The dogs, the horses—I almost hate them for reminding me so cruelly. Yes, we are going away at once, I believe. Mamma said so when I saw her this morning."

"Your poor mamma! How does she bear her grief?"

"Oh, she cries, and cries, and cries," said Vixen, rather contemptuously. "I think it comforts her to cry. I can't cry. I am like the dogs. If I did not restrain myself with all my might I should howl. I should like to lie on the ground outside his door—just as his dog does—and to refuse to eat or drink till I died."

"But, dear Violet, you are not alone in the world. You have your poor mamma to think of."

"Mamma—yes. I am sorry for her, of course. But she is only like a lay figure in my life. Papa was every thing."

"Do you know where your mamma is going to take you?"

"No, I neither know nor care. It will be to a house with four walls and a roof, I suppose. It will be all the same to me wherever it is."

What could Roderick say? It was too soon to talk about hope or comfort. His heart was rent by this dull, silent grief; but he could do nothing except sit there silently by Vixen's side with her cold unresponsive hands held in his.

Miss M'Croke came back presently, followed by a maid carrying a pretty little Japanese tea-tray.

"I have just been giving your poor mamma a cup of tea, Violet," said the governess. "Mr. Clements has been telling her about the will, and it has been quite too much for her. She was almost hysterical. But she's better now, poor dear. And now we'll all have some tea. Bring the table to the fire, Mr. Vawdrey, please, and let us make ourselves comfortable," concluded Miss M'Croke, with an assumption of mild cheerfulness.

Perhaps there is not in all nature so cheerful a thing as a good sea-coal fire. It will be cheerful in the face of affliction. It sends out its gushes of warmth and brightness, its gay little arrowy flames that appear and disappear like elves dancing their midnight waltzes on a barren moor. It seems to say, "Look at me and be comforted; look at me and hope. So from the dull blackness of sorrow rise the many colored lights of new-born joy."

Vixen suffered her chair to be brought near that cheery fire, and just then Argus crept into the room and nestled at her side. Roderick seated himself at the other side of the hearth—a bright little hearth with its border of high-art tiles, illuminated with the story of "Mary, Mary, quite contrary," done in pre-Raphaelite style by a famous painter. Miss M'Croke poured out the tea in the quaint old red and blue Worcester cups, and kept up that assumption of cheerfulness. She would not have permitted herself to smile yesterday; but now the funeral was over, the blinds were drawn up, and a mild cheerfulness was allowable.

"If you would condescend to tell me where you are going, Vixen, I might contrive to come there too by-and-by. We could have some rides together. You'll take Arion, of course."

"I don't know that I shall ever ride again," answered Violet, with a shudder.

Could she ever forget that awful ride? Roderick hated himself for his foolish speech.

"Violet will have to devote herself to her studies very assiduously for the next two years," said Miss M'Croke. "She is much more backward than I like a pupil of mine to be at sixteen."

"Yes, I am going to grind at three or four foreign grammars, and to give my mind to latitude and longitude, and fractions and decimals," said Vixen, with a bitter laugh. "Isn't that cheering?"

"Whatever you do, Vixen," cried Roderick, earnestly, "don't be a paradigm."

"What's that?"

"An example, a model, a paragon, 'a perfect woman nobly planned,' etc. Be any thing but that, Vixen, if you love me."

"I don't think there is much fear of any of us being perfect," said Miss M'Croke, severely. "Imperfection is more in the line of humanity."

"Do you think so? I find there is a great deal too much perfection in this world, too many faultless people; I hate them."

"Isn't that a confession of faultiness on your side?" suggested Miss M'Croke.

"It may be. But it's the truth."

Vixen sat with dry hollow eyes staring at the fire. She heard their talk as if it had been something a long way off. Argus nestled closer and closer at her knee, and she patted his big blunt head absently, with a dim sense of comfort in this brute love, which she had not derived from human sympathy.

Miss M'Croke went on talking and arguing with Rorie, with a view to sustaining that fictitious cheerfulness which might beguile Vixen into brief oblivion of her griefs. But Vixen was not so to be beguiled. She was with them, but not of them. Her haggard eyes stared at the fire, and her thoughts were with the dear dead father, over whose newly filled grave the evening shadows were closing.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE government commission for the purpose of investigating the fisheries of the North German seas has lately published some extended monographs upon the herring—an important staple in the region in question. Some interesting and important conclusions are derived from these investigations, as reported in these papers, of which we give an abstract:

First, it is established that on all the coast of Northern Europe the spawning season of the herring and its fishery (the two usually coming together) are twofold, one in the spring and another in the autumn, these in the more northern regions extending more into the summer and winter. For the western part of the East German Sea the months of April and May, on the one hand, and of September and October, on the other, constitute the spawning seasons, but their periods are not always the same in each year, nor the same at all places.

Direct experiments with the eggs have shown that the development of the young fish is not connected with any definite temperature, but goes on at 37½° to 41° F. as well as at 55½° F., and that in all its stages it is delayed by a lower temperature and accelerated by a higher. Thus at from 3° to 5° C. the development within the egg requires about forty days; from 7° to 8° C., fifteen days; at 10° to 11° C., eleven days, and at a higher temperature a still less number.

The fish from eggs laid in April and May have on leaving the egg a length of 0.20 to 0.32 of an inch, attaining by June 3 a length of 1.00 to 1.12 inches, at which time begins the transformation of the still transparent elongated larval form into the distinctive herring shape, covered with silver scales. This transformation is generally ended about the last of July, at a length of 1.80 to 2.20 inches. To this point the development of the egg can be controlled by artificial culture. The same generation has reached by September a length of 2.40 to 2.80 inches, in December 4 inches, and in March 5.40 to 5.52 inches, this representing the size of the one-year-old fish.

Compared with the trout and other salmonidæ, the herring is only half as large at birth, but overtakes them in length at three months, and then again grows somewhat more slowly, so that one-year-old individuals are about the same length in the two forms. The smallest ripe individuals in a given season are from 6.40 to 7.00 inches long, and this probably represents the growth of not more than two years, so that the herring when it has about completed its second year is capable of reproducing its kind. It is, however, not then fully grown, as it ultimately becomes half as long again, and this growth may continue for two years more.

The times and rates of growth in the autumn herring have not been followed so completely as with respect to the spring herring, but it is to this other generation that we owe the very great diversity in size among the schools at all seasons of the year.

The Newfoundland government has in contemplation measures looking toward the construction of a railroad across the island from St. Johns to St. Georges Bay, and has brought the subject by circulars to the notice of a number of American contractors. The Assembly has resolved to grant an annual subsidy of $120,000 to any company that will build the road, besides making liberal concessions of land. Such a line would develop valuable mines of coal and of the metals, besides opening up a productive timber region, now inaccessible. It would also have an important influence upon the fisheries of the island, by connecting the capital with a region at present difficult of access.

Should such a road be constructed, it would doubtless be used as a link in a new route to Europe, which would render it possible to shorten the ocean voyage by the distance of a thousand miles, the line of course extending to Cape Breton, with a ferry across to Newfoundland, and making St. Johns the actual point of departure.

We some time ago announced the appearance of the early numbers of a work upon the native flowers and ferns of North America, by **THOMAS MEEHAN**, illustrated by chromo-lithographs by **L. PRANG** & Co. According to the original prospectus, the first series was to consist of two volumes of twelve parts each. The first of these has just been brought to a close, the numbers having appeared with great regularity. The work has met with a favorable reception, and it is quite likely that after the publication of the second volume others will be put in hand.

The tenth annual report of the New York Fishery Commissioners, just published, contains a very important contribution to the subject of practical fish-culture in the form of a report by Dr. **LINTNER**, upon the insects and other animal forms found in Caledonia Creek, New York. It is upon this creek that the State hatching establishment of New York is situated, and in it are found crustaceans, insects, and other objects in unusual variety and extraordinary abundance, showing the wisdom of its selection for the purpose. The question is raised as to the possibility and expediency of transplanting such objects from one point to another for the purpose of rendering the latter more suitable for the growth of trout and other fishes; and it is thought not unreasonable to look forward to action of this kind as a measure of the future, although, so far as is known, little if any thing has yet been done on the subject.

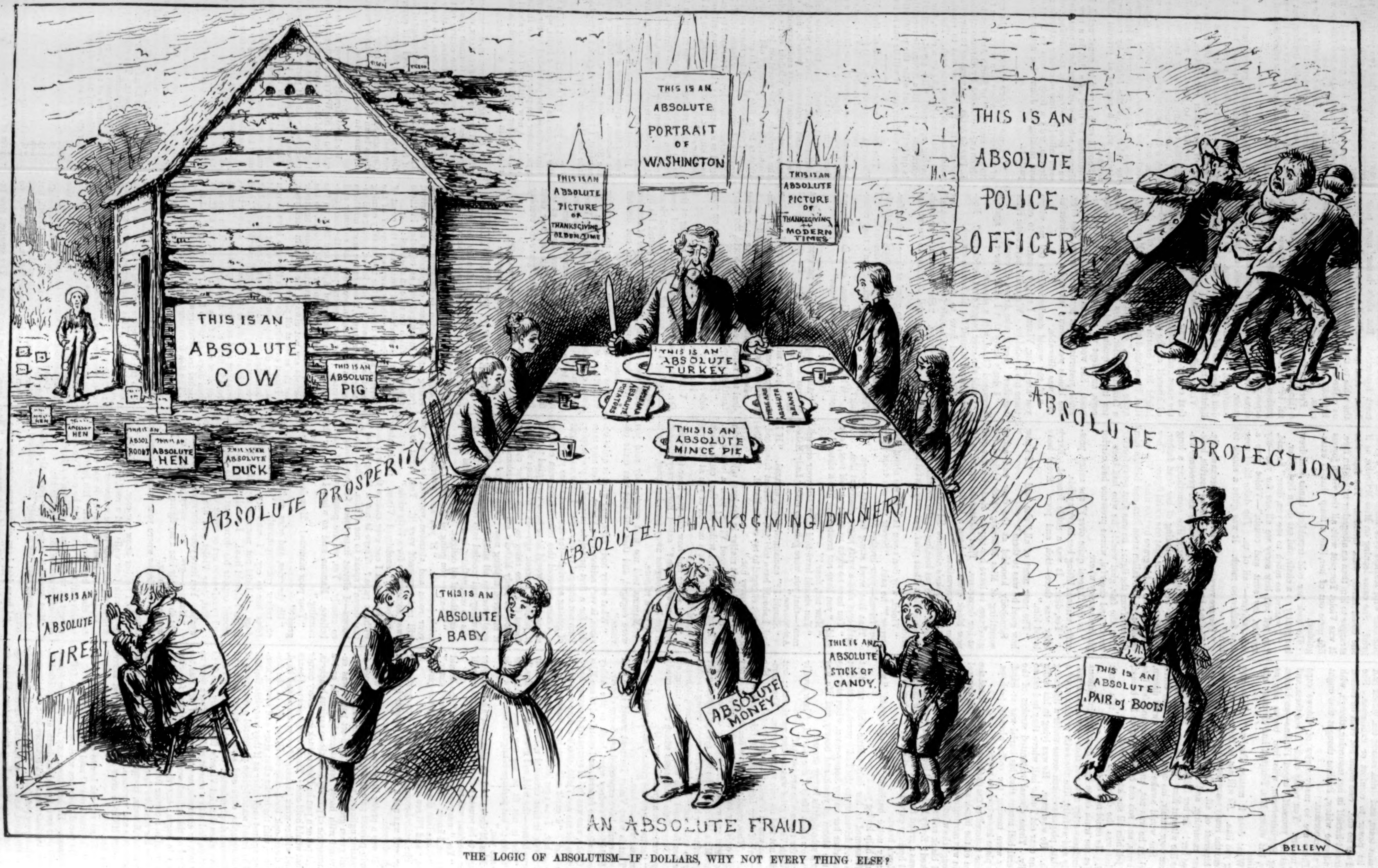
Some interesting facts are given in the report as to the success of experiments for the introduction of shad into Lake Ontario; and we are informed that one specimen, taken off Sackett's Harbor September 20, 1877, weighed five pounds, and was twenty-six inches in length.

Indications are also quite abundant of the success of the experiments in regard to the California salmon. The shad-hatching operations of the State, under **SETH GREEN**, were prosecuted as usual, 1,150,000 young fish having been turned into the Hudson River.

Some years ago a magnificent folio volume of the poisonous reptiles of India, with numerous illustrations, was published by Sir **JOSEPH FAYRER**, under the patronage of the Indian government. A new edition of this is about to appear on a smaller scale, with colored plates, although reduced in size.

Dr. O. **FINSCH**, of Bremen, accompanied by his wife and by Captain **SENGSTACK**, one of the principal members of the German polar expedition, will leave Bremen in the course of the coming winter for the United States, on their way to the islands of the Pacific Ocean, to the exploration of which they expect to devote several years. The work is under the patronage of the Academy of Sciences of Berlin, and will cover investigations into geography, hydrography, geology, and natural history. The success of Dr. **FINSCH** and Captain **SENGSTACK** in their previous explorations is an augury of valuable results from the one now in contemplation.

We have already referred to the commendable action of Sir **WYVILLE THOMSON** in securing the services of the most eminent naturalists in working up the collections made by the *Challenger* expedition, without particular regard to their nationality, as also to the criticism of Professor **MARTIN DUNCAN** and others upon his policy. He defended his action on the ground that science recognizes no nationality, and that his duty to the Admiralty and to his country made it incumbent upon him to furnish the best possible reports upon the collections. The policy of the United States is also adverted to in regard to the administration of the collections made by Professor **AGASSIZ** on the *Hassler*. Here, of some seventeen distinct subjects only two or three were worked up in the United States, the others being all sent abroad. Of the *Challenger's* collections the portion coming to the United States for elaboration consisted of radiates, the *Ophiuridæ* and *Astrophytidæ* being intrusted to Mr. **THEODORE LYMAN**, and the *Echinidæ* to **ALEXANDER AGASSIZ**. The recently published Bulletin of the Museum of Comparative Zoology at Cambridge contains, by permission of the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury of England, the first portion of the preliminary report of Mr. **LYMAN** on this subject, the object being to secure priority of discovery to the *Challenger* expedition. A large number of new genera and species are described in this paper, which is also accompanied by ten plates thickly crowded with illustrated figures, all drawn by Mr. **LYMAN** himself, and heliotyped. The final report of the *Challenger* will contain full descriptions and detailed figures of this series.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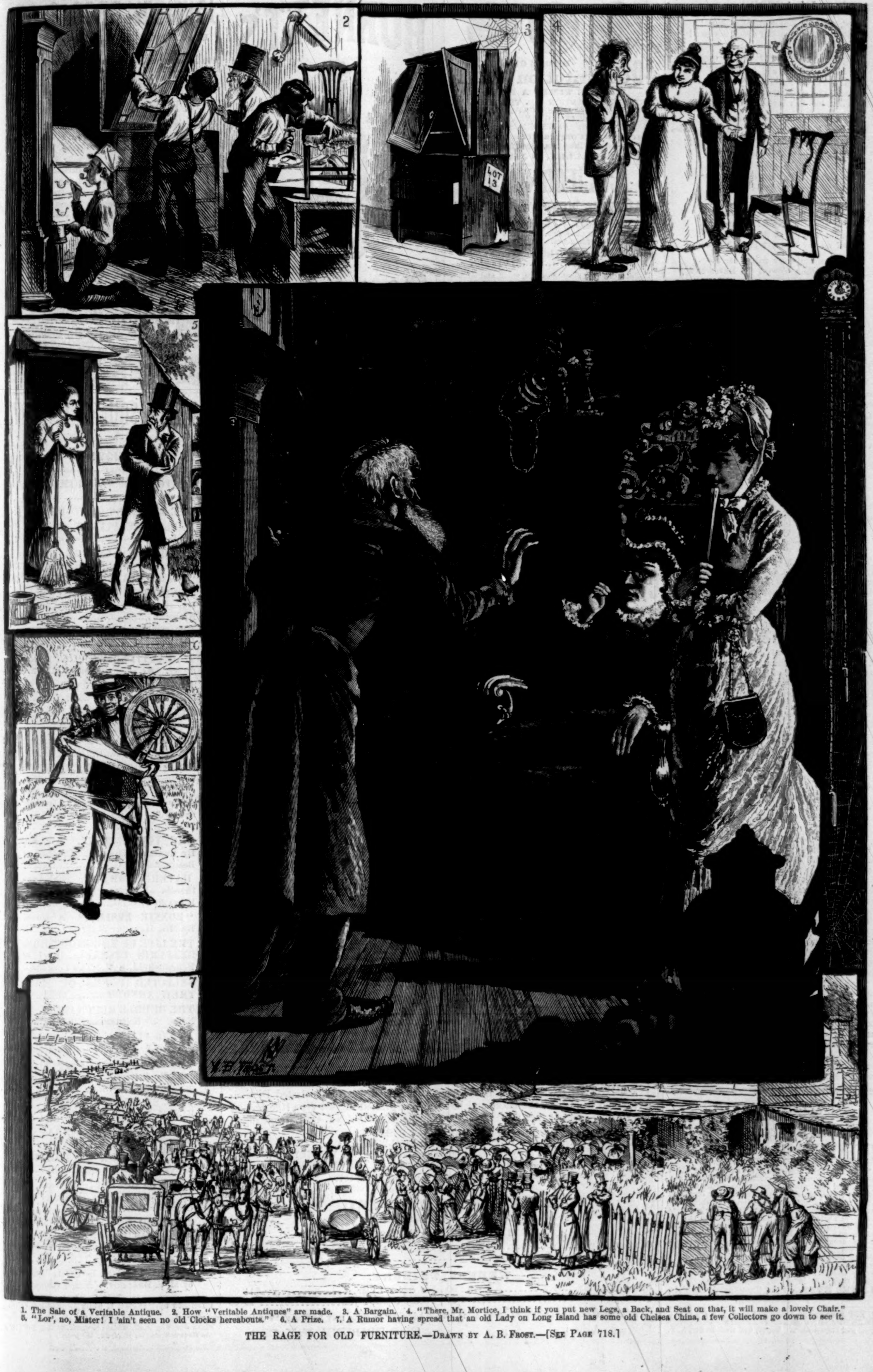
THE LOGIC OF ABSOLUTISM—IF DOLLARS, WHY NOT EVERY THING ELSE?



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THE RAGE FOR OLD FURNITURE.—Drawn by A. B. Frost.—[See Page 718.]

IN ACCORD.

Blow, wind of late November, blow!
  Blow every loose leaf from the tree!
Leave not a hindrance high or low
  Betwixt the utter sky and me;

But blow thy best, and let me see
  The truth of Nature fully grown,
Bare of the green time's fantasy,
  When luckless lovers walked alone,

And only made a tender moan
  Where 'neath the leaves the violet hides
Its face against the friendly stone,
  With other timid things besides;

But take whatever thing divides
  Me from the finiteness of Truth,
The cleaving spirit that confides,
  But not the wistfulness of youth.

Brace me to spring erect, in sooth,
  Or if the day break foul or fair,
To smile derision at thy tooth,
  And all thy bitterest blasts to bear.

Blow from me every paltry care,
  Even as thou blowest the leaves away,
Bringing a loveliness severe
  With every serious, sunny day.

Let's see if skies be blue or gray;
  Let's see if I am strong to dare,
To have my summer swept away,
  Nor perish in thy crucial air.

THE RAGE FOR OLD FURNITURE.

Mr. Frost's humorous sketches on page 917 are not intended to cast ridicule on the enthusiastic zeal which has stripped so many country homes of antique clocks, chairs, bureaus, and pieces of china, but as a quiet satire on the indiscriminating manner in which some collectors fill their houses with articles that have no other recommendation than that of being old and broken. They are also intended as a warning against manufactured antiques. It is said that the so-called "relics" of the cargo of the *Mayflower* alone would load a fleet of ships, and great knowledge and skill are required to distinguish the genuine articles from the imitations.

THE CATHEDRAL FAIR.

The fair at the new Catholic Cathedral in this city, of which we give a series of sketches on our opening pages, has been largely attended from the start, and the managers hope to realize from it the sum of $250,000 necessary to complete the building. The central sketch shows the interior of the Cathedral thronged with visitors, and around it are scenes and incidents which attracted the attention of our artists.

The fair was opened on the evening of October 22. Every inch of standing room in the Cathedral was occupied, and it was estimated that at least 20,000 people were present. There were addresses by Cardinal M'Closkey, Vicar-General Quinn, and Mayor Ely. There were many attractions, handsomely decorated tables attended by ladies, and the scene was one of unusual brightness and magnificence.

The Cathedral of St. Patrick, as the structure is called, is a large and imposing building, and in spite of some architectural defects—partly due to alterations in the original design—it will, when finished, be one of the finest ecclesiastical edifices in this city. The managers expect to have it ready for consecration next spring.

A WOMAN'S LOGIC.

"It is useless to take medicine. I shall feel better to-morrow. Besides, I need the money to get that lovely new hat. My old one is such a fright, and people will look more at my bonnet than they will at my face. I will wait till I feel worse before I spend any money for medicine." The new bonnet is purchased, and fifty other feminine *necessaries* in the form of ribbons, laces, brooches, etc. Meanwhile the lady's face becomes every day paler and thinner, and her body weaker, until disease has gained so firm a foothold in her system, that the most thorough, and ofttimes a long and tedious, course of treatment is necessary to restore her to health. Ladies, attend to your health before you even think of apparel. A fresh, blooming face in a plain bonnet is much handsomer and far more attractive to your gentlemen friends, than a pain-worn, diseased face in the most elaborate and elegant hat your milliner could devise. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is everywhere acknowledged to be the standard remedy for female complaints and weaknesses. It is sold by druggists.—[*Com.*]

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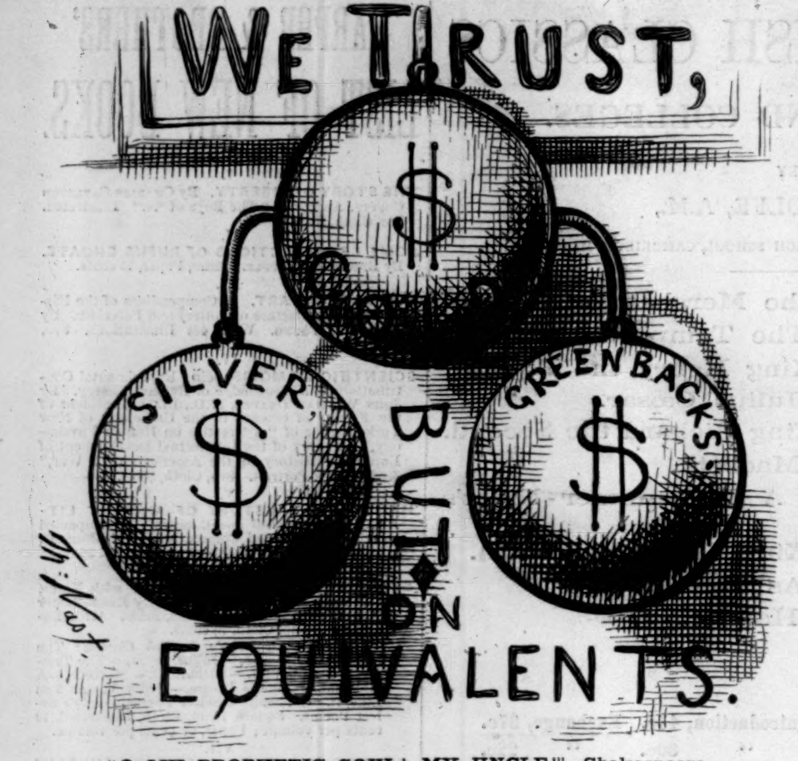

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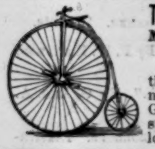

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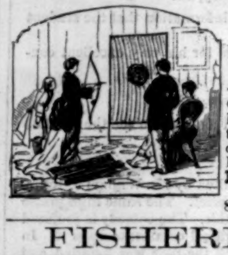

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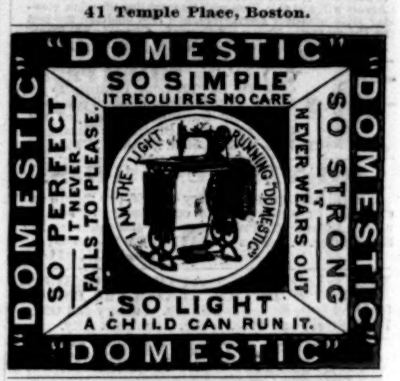
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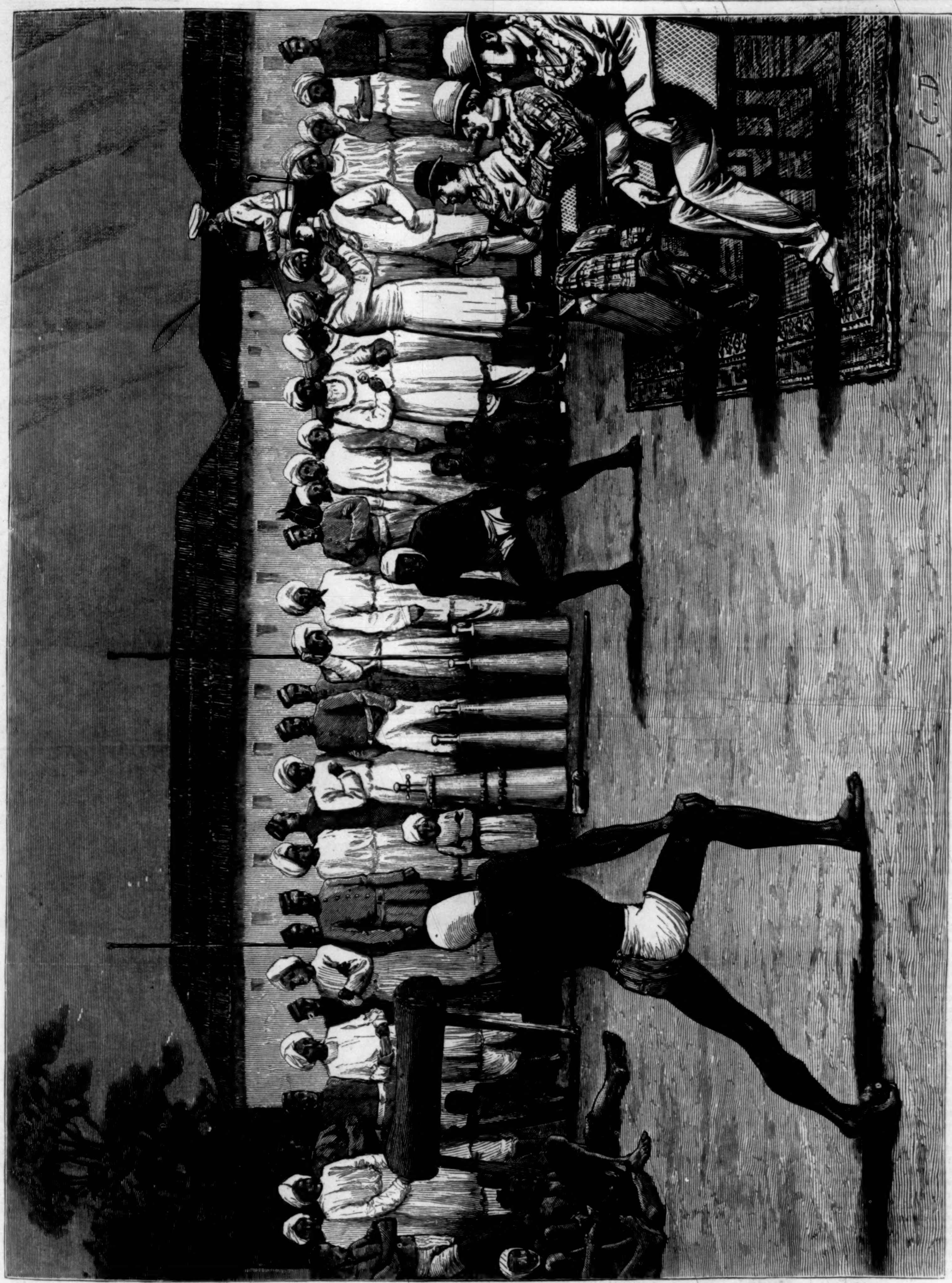


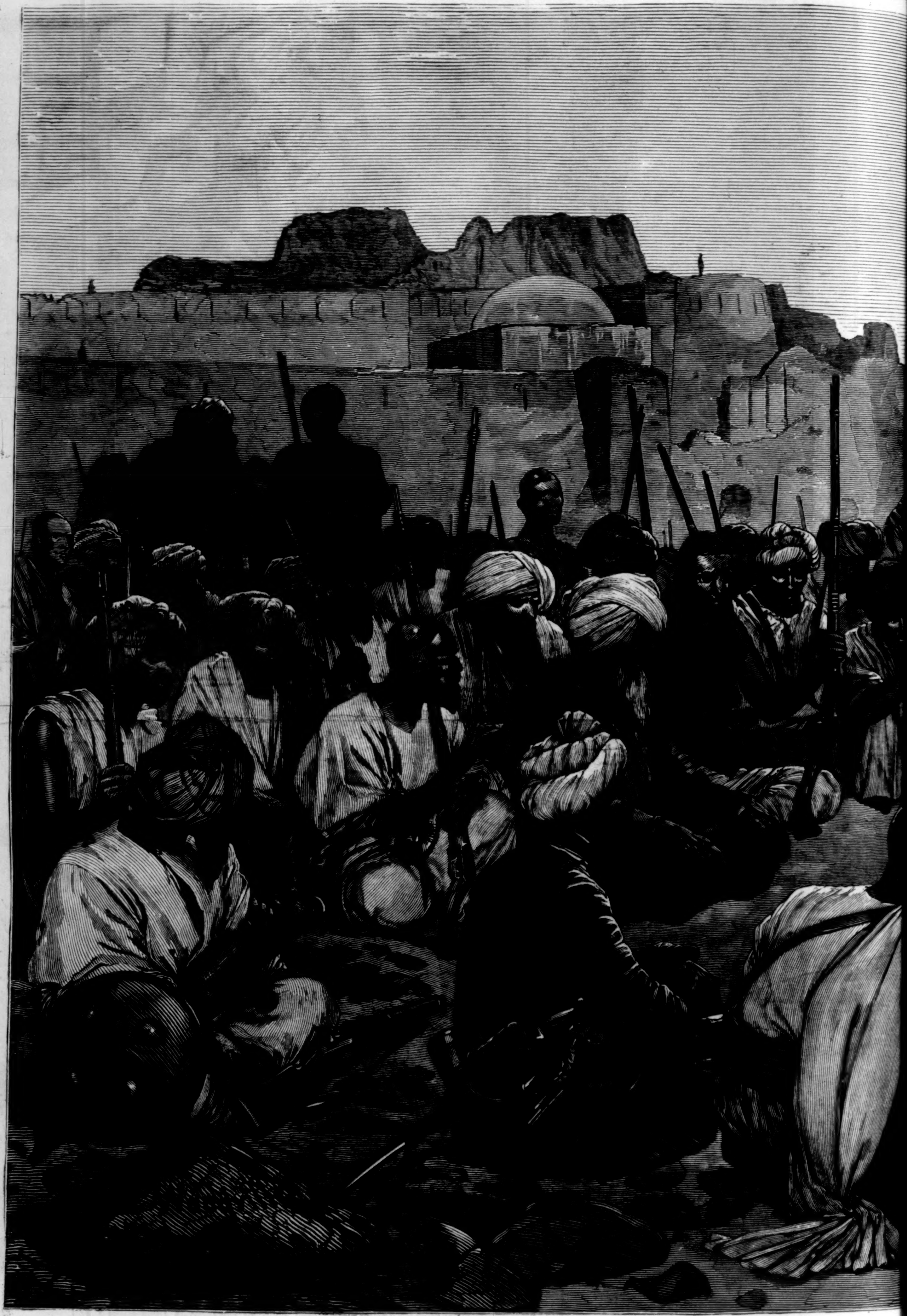
A NATIVE BOMBAY REGIMENT AT PLAY—THE WRESTLERS PREPARING TO CLOSE.

INDIAN SOLDIERS AT PLAY.

THE native Indian soldiers are not only brave warriors, but they are also splendidly developed specimens of muscular humanity. Big fellows they are, with marvellous strength, but with an elasticity of body that enables them to do almost any thing short of turning themselves inside out. With a view of encouraging the practice of manly sports, one day of every week is set apart by the officers for the public exhibition of feats of skill and endurance. Some of the performances are very extraordinary. For instance, that of the tumbling swordsman, who is blindfolded, and seated on his haunches on the ground in the Oriental fashion; a fig is then placed between his heels, which are set close together. A sword is now put into his hand, and he takes a leap into the air, of course tossing up the fig with his heels in making the spring from the ground. He whirls round in the air, making almost a circle, and tries to hit and cut the fig, without ever seeing it, before it falls, and in this he often succeeds. Another man, with a pair of long, pliant, elastic swords, one in each hand, rolls over and over on the ground, the swords going round and round with him, above and below him, leaving us to wonder how he avoids cutting himself. Another feat is to use the pair of swords in a series of whirling movements about the head and shoulders, and frequently passing the blades with great rapidity between the arms and the naked body, without inflicting a wound. Still another favorite amusement is the bout at single-stick. Each man has a stick in his right hand, padded, so as not to hurt too much, and a very small round shield in his left, but no protection for the head, chest, or arms. With these sticks they whack each other in Donnybrook fashion till they have had enough of it. The Indian clubs are also brought into play. But the chief attraction to many is the wrestling. This is done, as a rule, by active men of slight build with good muscular development. As seen in our picture the contestants are going through a series of gestures which natives always indulge in preparatory to closing with each other. On the left are seen some of the other athletes, and seated on the right are the European officers, around whose necks are garlands of flowers after the native fashion. One officer has just arrived, and a group of native officers are adorning him in this way. The other two sides of the square are formed by spectators.

THE COUNCIL OF WAR.

THE Khyber Pass, of which a fine illustration was recently given in the *Weekly*, is again pictured in our double-page engraving—this time, however, as the scene of a remarkable council of war. The ferocious-looking men before us are the representatives of the Afreedis, who dwell on the hills south of the pass. They are, in the true sense of the word, Highlanders—strong, active, and warlike, and living in clans. Every man is armed, and quarrels are often settled on the spot in the most summary fashion. The country of the Afreedis begins from the right bank of the Cabool River, and extends for fifty miles nearly due south, in contact with British territory the whole distance. A tongue of Afreedi territory interposes between Peshawur and Kohât, directly interrupt-



THE COUNCIL OF WAR—MEETING OF AF

ing the communication between these two principal frontier stations. This tongue is known as the Kohât Pass, some fifteen miles in length and three or four in breadth. Instead of holding and fortifying the pass for themselves, the British chose, on the annexation of the Punjab in 1849, to subsidize the Afreedis to keep it open for them for the sum of £570 per annum, subsequently increased for a time to £1370. The success of this sagacious arrangement may be measured by the fact that for twenty-seven years scarcely one has passed without some act of robbery and murder on the part of the Afreedis and reprisals on the part of the British. Numerous military expeditions have been taken against the Pass Afreedis, the latest during the cold weather of last year; but if the authorities congratulate themselves on the result of the Jowaki raid, and fancy they have tamed these gentry, they will be much mistaken. The various divisions, including the numerous Ozukrai clan, that make up the Afreedi nation, can muster between 30,000 and 40,000 fighting men. They fight desperately, and resist the passage of an enemy with deadly effect.

It is thought probable that the following Afreedi sections will throw in their lot with Cabool: Zaka Khel, Siphas, Kuki Khel, Khambar Khel, and Malikdin Khel, with the Shinwaris; they may be estimated to number about 18,000 fighting men, fairly well armed. These are the clans that gave constant trouble to the British during their occupation of the Khyber in the last Afghan war. Indeed, so aggressive were the Shinwaris that General Pollock detached a force, in July, 1842, to punish them. Brigadier Monteath seems to have carried out his instructions to the letter, for it appears he destroyed thirty-five of their forts before he left their hills. Rumors of collisions between the Ameer's troops and the Afreedis must be received with great caution.

TESTAMENTARY VAGARIES.

Were wills always what they should be—mere formal dispositions of property drawn by legal hands—there would be small temptation for any save legatees to take note of their contents. But people will write their own wills, and, doing so, are apt to use the opportunity for airing private grievances, expressing personal likes and dislikes, proclaiming their sentiments upon things in general, and otherwise provoking comment by going beyond the strict necessities of the occasion.

A certain earl bequeathed his countess forty-five brass halfpence to buy a pullet for her supper, and at the same time declared her to be "the worst of women, guilty of all ills." Another husband could not part company with his wife without reminding her of her unprovoked and unjustifiable fits of passion, violence, and cruelty; and yet another reproached his helpmate with being jealous, disaffectionate, calumnious, and censorious: commonplace methods of expressing marital ill feeling. Of the good feeling expressed for wives there have been many fine examples in wills. For example, Mr. G. Granville Harcourt paid his wife an extraordinary compliment, writing: "The unspeakable interest with which I constantly regard Lady Waldegrave's future fate induces me to advise her earnestly to unite herself again with some one who may deserve to enjoy the blessing of her society during the many years of her probable survival of my life. I am grateful to Providence for the great happiness I enjoy in her singular affection; and I pray and confidently hope that she may long continue to possess the same esteem and friendship of those who are intimate with her and can appreciate her admirable qualities, and the respect of all with whom, in any relation of life, she is connected." The lady in due time found a gentleman she held deserving to enjoy the blessing of her society, and took the course so tenderly advised. And although we can not speak absolutely on the matter, we have not the least doubt a certain Mr. Van Hanrigh was equally obedient, and fulfilled the desire of his lost spouse, who, leaving all she possessed to her "darling husband," with the "earnest wish that he should marry ere long a nice pretty girl who is a good housewife, and above all to be careful that she has a good temper."

"Love me, love my dog," was the motto of another loving woman whose husband predeceased her. When her own time came she left sixty-five pounds a year for the support of his favorite cob, and five pounds a year for that of his greyhound, specially ordering that the first-named was to be kept, as it had been kept since its master's death, in a warm, comfortable, loose box, and not put to any work either in or out of harness, but to be ridden four times a week at a walking pace, for one hour, by a person of light weight, with the proviso that its back was never to be crossed by any member of her husband's family.

Pet animals have often figured as legatees. Lord Chesterfield provided for the maintenance of his cat—an example followed by Mr. Harpur, who bequeathed one Fanny Hodges the dividend accruing from a hundred pounds in the Three Per Cents so long as his young black cat should live, an excellent way to insure Puss from being cheated out of any portion of her nine lives. Still more secure of effecting her object was the dame who left two hundred guineas a year to the caretaker of her pet parrot so long as she could give ocular demonstration of Poll being in the land of the living.

The Rev. John Monkhouse, sometime rector of Bradchurch, Hampshire, died a bachelor at the age of seventy. By his will he left eleven thousand eight hundred
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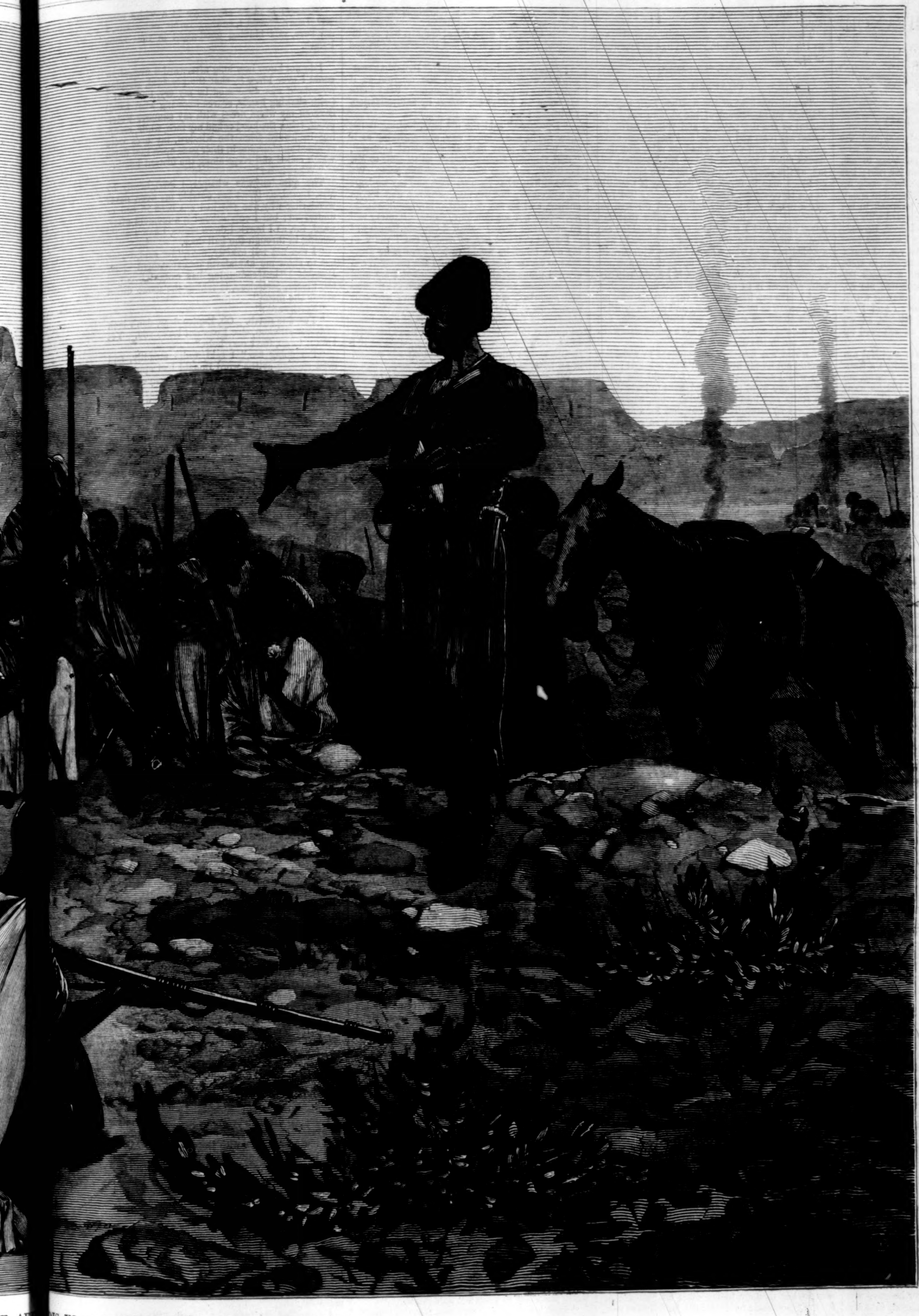

F AF DIS IN THE KHYBER PASS.—[See Page 921.]

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school was the act of a sane man, it was scarcely the act of a madman to make a liberal provision for its support.

Some pleasant posthumous jokes were perpetrated by a certain French merchant and Dr. Jasper More, a medical celebrity of James I.'s time, the former leaving a lady a legacy for having refused his hand twenty years before, and so enabling him to live independently and happily as a bachelor; and the latter fulfilling his promise to leave his servant something that would make him drink, by bequeathing that liquor-loving gentleman's gentleman a red herring. David Hume's testamentary joke at John Home's expense took a less aggravating form. Mindful of his old friend's dislike of port, and his obstinately insisting that H-o-m-e was the proper way of spelling the historian's name, Hume left him "ten dozen of my old claret at his choice, and one single bottle of that other liquor called port. I also leave to him six dozen of port, provided that he attests under his own hand, signed John Hume, that he has himself alone finished a bottle at two sittings. By this concession he will at once terminate the only two differences that ever arose between us concerning temporal affairs."

A curious will case was tried at Clonmel in 1873, the action being one to dispossess Pat Dovan of a house and land worth two hundred a year, which he held by virtue of Mr. Cooke's declaration: "I leave and bequeath to my steward Pat Dovan the sum of fifty pounds, and also the house and lands of Littlefield, until I am able to live there and enjoy it myself." The steward contended this meant until the millennium, in the speedy advent of which the testator believed; and the court, accepting this view, awarded Dovan possession of the property accordingly. Mr. John Starkey looked forward to no earthly millennium, although he anticipated enjoying his own again, if we rightly understand the final clause of his will: "The remainder of my wealth is vested in the affection of my dear wife, with whom I leave it, in the good hope of resuming it, more pure and bright and precious, where neither moth nor rust corrupteth, and where there are no railways or monetary panics or fluctuations of exchange, but the steadfast though progressive and unspeakable riches of glory and immortality."

A writing-master named Kelly happening to survive his wife and daughter, the only relatives he had in the world, the Solicitor to the Treasury took out letters of administration on behalf of the crown, and astonished the court by reading:

"I, having neither kith nor kin,
Bequeath all I have named herein
To Harriet, my dearest wife,
To have and hold as hers for life;
While in good health and sound in mind
This codicil I've undersigned."

No lawyer we may be sure acted as the writing-master's amanuensis; although a solicitor once perpetrated a like piece of rhyme, on his own account, in the lines:

"As to all my worldly goods now or to be in store,
I give to my beloved wife, and hers for evermore.
I give all freely; I no limit fix;
This is my will, and she's executrix."

A more fanciful freak was played by a Mr. George in bequeathing the residue of his personal property to be equally divided between a boy and girl, his offspring by a beautiful Circassian lady whom he had wedded at St. Peter's Church, Plymouth, but who had proved faithless and eloped, children and all, with a gay and gallant Indian officer; whereas in truth the man had never been married in his life, the beautiful Circassian being only a creature of his imagination. Had the frail fair one existed in the flesh, she would have had no reason to complain of the unsubstantial liberality of the forgiving testator; like the legatees of the Arbirlot "mixture of benevolence and folly," as Dr. Guthrie calls him, who instructed his lawyer to set down such a number of handsome legacies, that his legal friend could not help interrupting with, "I don't believe you have all that money to leave!" "Oh," replied the good man, "I ken that as well as you do; but I just want to show them my good-will." It was a funny way of showing it to raise expectations that could not be realized; and the dying hoaxer had not the excuse of ignorantly deluding himself, like the old fellow who, having nothing else to leave his brother, bequeathed him the daily pint of milk allowed him by the squire of the parish.

Saving to the last, Miss Kitty Jenkyn Packe left little to the discretion of her executors respecting the disposal of her remains, writing: "If I die away from Branksome, I wish my remains, after being placed in the proper coffins—first in a leaden one, and then in a wooden one—to be inclosed in a plain deal box, so that no one may know the contents, and conveyed by a goods train to Poole, which will cost no more than any other package of the same weight; from Poole station said box to be conveyed in a cart to Branksome Tower." So thoroughly had the provident dame thought out the whole matter, that she added: "The easiest way to carry my coffin out of the house will be to take the window out of the dining-room."

William Kinsett, believing in the impolicy of interring the dead among the living, gave his body to the Imperial Gas Company, of London, to be burned in one of their retorts. But having a well-founded doubt as to his offer being accepted, the testator concluded: "Should a defense of fanaticism and superstition prevent the granting this my request, then my executors must submit to have my remains buried in the plainest manner possible in my family grave in St. John's Wood Cemetery, to assist in poisoning the living in that neighborhood."